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**TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.**

WEEKLY

PIONEER
Cigarettes.

3d.
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**RICHMOND
CAVENDISH Co. Ltd.**
LIVERPOOL.

621.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK EXCH.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 12, 1902.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS HALL

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

A DAILY LUXURY.

BIRD'S Custard is Pure, Creamy, Nutritious, and easily digested. It is a wholesome, delicious article of diet, for universal consumption. Eggs often disagree; BIRD'S CUSTARD never.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

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SUCH AS KOLA, MALT, HOPS, &c.

THE LANCET (May 17th, 1899) says: "The statement that Cadbury's Cocoa is an absolutely pure article cannot be controverted in view of the results of analysis which, in our hands, this excellent article of food has yielded."

Insist on having CADBURY'S (sold only in packets and tins), as other Cocos are sometimes substituted for the sake of extra profit.

"IT FOR A KING."

Henry VIII., Act 2, B 2.

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MILD, MEDIUM, & FULL.**

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See that you get the little leaflet in this copy of "P. W." Please put it to the best use you can.

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Revelations
in
High Life.
See
SHORT STORIES,
ready Tuesday next,
June 10th.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

"Confessions
of a
Lady's
Companion."
See
SHORT STORIES,
ready Tuesday next,
June 10th.

No. 621.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 12, 1902.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

Experience Enough!

"You say that you have only been in England three months," said a lady to an applicant to become mistress of the kitchen. "I'm afraid that you haven't had enough experience. Were you at service before you came to this country?"

"Dada, an' I wasn't mum! Me feyther was wilthy, an' owned a cow an' two pigs, but I've had experience since I've been here. In three months I've been in twenty-six places."

MISS BRAGG: "Yes, I'm going to the Coronation. Why not?"

MISS OHELLUS: "Of course you have a right to, if there's any truth in the old proverb."

"What proverb?"

"A cat may look at a king."

Quite Impossible.

At a certain school in Burnley a teacher had explained to her class the meaning of the words "possible" and "impossible."

Wishing to see if one of her pupils, a dull boy, understood what she had just explained, she said:

"Now, Tommy, what do I mean when I say 'it is possible'?"

"Something," said Tommy doubtfully, "that can be done."

"What is impossible?" asked the teacher encouragingly.

For a few minutes Tommy looked stupidly at the teacher, then suddenly he exclaimed:

"Ah! I know what's impossible."

"Tell the class," said the teacher kindly.

"Impossible," shouted Tommy, "is to ever see a cow sitting on a tree and singing like a lark."

"HELLO, Charley! what are you doing; moving?" asked one young man of another whom he met with a big bag in his hand.

"I've just commenced my vacation."

"Your vacation?"

"Yes. I am vacating at the request of my landlady."

Towers That Sway.

If one remembers that an inch, although a good deal on a man's nose, is very little in a hundred feet, one will not be surprised to learn that all high structures sway in the air.

The Eiffel Tower swings perceptibly with the wind, and even stone shafts like those of the Monument and Nelson's Column move several inches at the top. In these cases the cause of the action is not the wind, but the heat of the sun. The side that is towards the sun expands during the day more than the side in shadow. Accordingly, in the morning the shaft points towards the west, in the afternoon towards the east. It was recently decided to ascertain how much the dome of the Capitol, at Washington, U.S.A., swayed and the following device was used:

A wire was hung from the middle of the dome inside the building extending down to the floor of the rotunda, and on the lower end of the wire was hung a twenty-five pound plumb line. In the lower point of the weight was inserted a lead pencil, the point of which just touched the floor. A large sheet of paper was spread out beneath it.

Every day as the dome moved it dragged the pencil over the paper. The mark was in the form of an ellipse six inches long. The dome would start moving in the morning as soon as the rays of the sun began to act upon it, and slowly, as the day advanced, the pencil would be dragged in a curve across the paper until sundown, when a reaction would take place and the pencil would move back again to its starting-point.

But it would not go back over its own pencilled track, for the cool air of night would cause the dome to contract as much on the one side as the sun had made it expand on the other, and so the pencil would form the other half of the ellipse, getting back to the starting-point all ready to start out again by sunrise.

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The Empty Nest.

There was a time in years gone by,
We ones played at my feet, while I,
Held one upon my knee;
The house was filled all day with noise,
The floor was scattered o'er with toys,
My head ached wearily.

There came a time my house was still,
No mud-stained footprints on the sill,
My longed-for time of rest,
My boys had climbed youth's topmost stair,
My girl, a maiden tall and fair,
Another's home now blest,

A last year's nest hangs on the bough,
'Twas filled with singing birds, but now,
It empty is and bare.
The buds and bees have come, but still
Those birds come not again, to fill
With song the silent air.

I gaze upon that empty nest,
I know God's ways are always best,
But I am sad and lone;
I long so for life's vanished joys,
My wee girl and my bonny boys,
My nestlings that have flown.

Knew What it Meant.

"Of course, we won't have any regular house-cleaning at this time of the year," she said, "but we might as well straighten things up a bit and change the arrangement a little. I can see how the house could be made to look much more attractive. To-morrow I'll get a charwoman and a man to help me to move the furniture, and— What are you doing, John?"

"I am merely wrapping up my slippers, my dressing-gown, and one or two other things to take to the office," he replied.

"To take to the office?" she exclaimed.
"Oh, that's all right; I'll bring them back," he exclaimed. "You see I don't want to have to hunt for them after you have put things to rights."

How to Care for the Eyes.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the proper way to read in an evening is by means of a lamp which concentrates its light on the pages of the book alone.

Any oculist to-day knows that the glare of the light on the book contrasted with the shade of the room is harmful to the eyes. If the reader lifts his eyes, even for a second, from the page he gives his ocular nerves a wrench and a strain.

For comfortable and harmless reading the room should be well lighted throughout, and the lights should be well above the level of the eyes. The greater the quantity of light and the more it pervades the whole room, making it resemble daylight as near as possible, the better it is for the reader.

Making a Menagerie of it.

A BRIGHT boy had attended some evening lectures on astronomy, and after three or four visits was questioned about it by his mother, a good and very devout, but very ignorant woman.

The youngster, proud of his superior knowledge, probably exaggerated what he had heard. At any rate, he told her about the Great Bear, the Swan, the Lion, the Bull, Ram, Scorpion, Fishes, and other constellations.

The mother listened with ill-concealed dismay, and when the boy stopped she turned round to her husband, and said:

"William, I'm very much afraid that that boy is being contaminated by wicked atheists, because he's making the blessed firmament into a menagerie!"

Not to Be Sat On.

DURING the Association football match in Belfast a few weeks ago between Ireland and Scotland, an enthusiastic supporter of the home team kept crying out: "Sit on them, Ireland."

There was an old Scotchman beside him who endured this for a time, but at length, unable to stand it any longer, he turned round and impressively remarked:

"Ye can sit on the leek, mon, and mebbe ye can sit on the rose; but I tell you, mon, ye canna' sit on the thistle."

GEORGE (nervously): "I'd like ever so much to marry you, Kitty, but I don't know how to propose."

Kitty (promptly and practically): "That's all right, George. You've finished with me; now go to papa."

ABSCUM: "Jabeley is awful vain, isn't he?"

Wander: "Well, rather. Why, he has fitted up a phonograph in his room to play 'See, the conquering hero comes!' when he opens the door."

Just to Oblige Him.

THE vicar of a country church who had for some time been much troubled by members of the congregation coming into church very late—indeed, only just in time to hear the sermon—was determined to put a stop to the practice.

One Sunday morning, when giving out the text of his sermon, he noticed a farm labourer entering the church. Pausing after giving out his text, and hoping to shame the late-comer, the clergyman called out from the pulpit:

"Mr. Churchwarden, will you please find the gentleman who has just come in a comfortable seat?"

Farm labourer (equal to the occasion): "Thank yer kindly, parson, and would yer kindly gi' us the text agin; I didna quite catch it?"

HUGGARD: "Miss Lovelylips and I had quite a warm discussion about matrimony last evening."

SQUEEZEM: "And who got the better of it?"

Huggard: "The matter isn't closed yet, but I'm hoping it will result in a tie."

Bridges Made of Barrels.

A MILITARY bridge of barrels is made by "piers," each consisting of seven casks placed in a line with a long baulk, called a gunnel, twenty-one feet in length, running throughout on the top of each barrel near the head, a sling (of 2½ inch rope, 36 feet long) running from one end of the gunnel to the other, and underneath the barrels.

By an ingenious principle of lashing, the "pier" is made taut, and then launched by means of ways—poles or baulks sloping to the water. Eight men construct this part of the bridge, as many "piers" being made, of course, as the width of river determined, ten sufficing for a hundred feet.

The piers of casks are connected to each other by means of baulks, then floored by cheeses—planks 1½ in. to 2 in. thick. Though not good for horse traffic, hurdles could be used. A handrail or rope runs each side of the structure and an excellent military bridge of sufficient stability for a large army to cross over can be constructed at practically no cost, and in less than half-an-hour.

It can also be dismantled equally quickly, so that in the case of a retirement the unbridged river may be speedily placed between the force and the enemy.

For transport, although the casks are not very portable, yet they are of but little weight in comparison with their actual buoyancy.

A bridge of barrels will carry infantry in fours crowded, and, consequently, are of more than sufficient stability for any of the field-guns and carriages of an army corps.

The use of petroleum being so general in almost all countries the means of obtaining casks are now much greater than in years gone by, and the fact of their being proof by percolation of paraffin renders them admirably water tight.

At last we are able to announce "The Confessions of Cynthia," the amazing revelations of a Lady's Companion. They appear in SHORT STORIES ready next Tuesday. See that you get a copy.



CHARLES GILLAN had once been wedded to sport; now he was wedded to little Flora Thompson.

He never by any chance attended a race-meeting now, rarely went to either cricket or football matches, and rigidly confined his newspaper reading to the SATURN, (though he disagreed with it in politics) because Flora's Uncle Alec had said it was the duty of all right-minded young men to patronise it, since it had so boldly declared war to the knife against racing and betting news.

Uncle Alec was a Scot of the rigid covenanting type, who went to the kirk twice on Sundays, and spent the rest of the day reading his Bible in the dim religious light produced by the drawing down of all window blinds in the front part of the house.

Charles had a friend who had always been very much "in the know," as regards a good thing in horseflesh, and, being a friend indeed, he had given him many useful tips in his lone bachelor days. Had it not been for these little tips our friend would not have been able to marry Flora when he did. But since his marriage he had not met Billy Lopes and knew very little of how matters were going in the racing world.

Charles was a clerk in a growing business in the City, and the only thing that prevented the principals from taking him into the concern as junior partner, was his inability to invest one thousand pounds in it. This was very galling to him, for he had plenty of foresight, and a splendid knowledge of the business, by exercising which he was able to see that though one thousand pounds given now would lift him to the position of partner, ten thousand might be thought a small price for a partnership later on. Where was he to get a thousand pounds? He often asked himself that question, and a little voice would speak up and suggest ways and means that were not to be thought of by a reader of the SATURN.

Charles longed so much for the partnership that he thought of it day and night, until he grew morose, and even irritable at times. Instead of talking what troubled him to Flora he kept it from her, thereby showing her an effect without a cause, as she thought, for she had not failed to be struck by his change of temper, and to feel considerably worried by it.

Flora had five hundred pounds of her own, which Uncle Alec had given her (at the same time making her understand clearly that he had reached the limit of his generosity in so doing) and which was lying in the bank waiting for further developments.

The morning had been a delicious one when Charles left his small, rose-covered villa at Putney. He felt quite in tune with the day, and was looking very spick and span, and cool and fresh, as he sauntered to the station with an exquisite rose in his buttonhole and the regenerate SATURN in his hand.

Once in the train, however, the sight of the SATURN began to irritate and annoy him, for some of his fellow passengers were talking gaily, and hopefully about a certain Astral who was giving wonderful tips about the races, which were now in full swing. The colour of the frame of his mind had so far this morning, been "de rose," but now it faded away into a distinctly greyish hue. The thought of his coveted thousand pounds loomed large, and a deep, intense longing for "old unhappy far off" things took possession of him.

He left the SATURN in the train, and as he walked to his place of business he felt that Fate was using him hardly. Altogether he was discontented, thinking that the City had never been so hot, dusty and stuffy, the junior clerks so lazy, the lady typist so stupid, the chief so exacting and the whole concern so wretchedly intolerable. At luncheon time he was still brooding over his grievances when, as he was turning into his favourite restaurant, some one gave him a smart slap on the back.

"Where have you been stowing yourself all these months?" asked a cheerful voice.

Charles turned and faced Billy Lopes. "Oh, I have a country residence now—out Putney way."

"Country residence! You must have had a run of luck," cried Billy.

"No, but I've got a wife, and have given up betting," replied Charles, as they sat to work on their luncheon.

"Expensive luxury," said Billy. "No wonder you have given up patronising the turf. But," he continued dropping his banter, "I can put you on to an awfully good thing for the Westshire Races. As safe as the Bank of England. You don't want to invest a spare hundred for a few days perhaps?"

"Haven't got a hundred nor half a hundred—more's the pity," grumbled Charles. "But you say it's a safe thing?"

"Safe, you bet. I am putting fifty on it myself—all I can scrape together."

The pair had a long conversation, and Charles went home that evening more moody than ever.

Flora met him at the station. "I have had a letter from Uncle Alec. He expects to be in London shortly and is coming to spend a day with us."

"Dash Uncle Alec," cried Charles rudely, only we regret to say he used the first word in its worst form.

Flora withdrew her hand from his arm, and pursed up her lips. She was shocked and very much offended.

"Charles, I think you must be going mad," she said stiffly, as they walked up the steps into the hall of their house.

"I believe I am, Flora," he said. And then, "I apologise, darling. I am sorry I hurt your poor little feelings. There, give me a kiss and forget it. Uncle Alec's all right, as long as he does not insist upon our spending our holidays with him."

A week later Uncle Alec arrived rather unexpectedly. Writing many letters was not his habit, and as for telegrams, he considered they were only appropriate to sudden deaths,

or such like terrible occasions. He had travelled by the night train to Euston, and it took him until about ten o'clock in the morning to locate Rothsey Villa (named so by way of compliment to himself).

"Oh, uncle! How naughty of you not to let us know you were coming to-day. I should have gone to meet you, if Charles had been able to get off from his business."

"Eh, hank, it's a big place this London of yours. I thought I was never going to find you out?" said the old man, accepting gratefully the big easy-chair into which his niece gently pushed him. "And how is Charles?"

"He—he is very well—that is, I mean I don't think he is very well," stammered Flora, the desire to be truthful combating her anxiety not to compromise her husband in any way. "You see, this hot weather is very trying to one shut up all day in a close, stuffy office." Flora wondered at her powers of imagination. She had never heard Charles mention the office as being stuffy or otherwise.

"You are right, it must be very trying," said Uncle Alec, wiping his brow with a tremendous pocket-handkerchief.

"Yes, I expect it is trying," he went on. "But Charles is a young fellow with plenty of grit. He means to get on, and a little heat won't stand in his way. I have a great respect for Charles. He is a most estimable young man—one in a thousand, in fact."

When Flora had made her uncle comfortable, and had left him dozing, she went out to do a little extra shopping and sent a telegram to Charles. In it she told him of Mr. Thompson's unexpected arrival, and exhorted him to get away early, and she would have dinner at six. The Gillans were only possessed of one servant, so that Flora had herself to superintend any culinary arrangements that went beyond the very plain every-day ones.

Whilst Uncle Alec slept she was very busy and happy arranging the details of a nice dinner.

Every now and then she would run in to have a little chat with him, and it was during one of these intervals that Lydia (the maid) entered, bearing a missive of the well-known terra-cotta colour.

"A telegram!" Flora cried in surprise, and then remembering the one she had dispatched some time before, concluded that this was a reply. "Oh, I do hope Charles is able to get away," she said. "Excuse me, Uncle Alec."

As she read the contents of the telegram a look of bewilderment crossed her face. Then came an expression of absolute distress and dismay, and finally her lips quivered ominously, and her eyes became suspiciously moist. Hastily crumpling the paper and thrusting it into her pocket, she made a hurried exit, murmuring some excuse about the kitchen oven. Instead of going to the kitchen, however, she flew upstairs to her bedroom, where she again took out the telegram and read it. This time the tears flowed unrestrainedly. Poor Flora wept for quite a long time in a forlorn, hopeless way.

Then remembering her duties to her guest, and not wishing him to notice the signs of recent grief on her face, she bathed her eyes and brushed her ruffled hair.

"I wonder if I ought to tell Uncle Alec?" she debated within herself. "But, no, I won't tell him. I will wait and see if he notices anything strange in Charles' manner. Oh, such a terrible affliction! I could bear anything better than this."

At four o'clock, as the pretty chiming clock sounded forth the hour, Flora gave a sigh and said unguardedly:

"I wish I knew whether Charles were coming or not. The dinner—" Then she stopped and felt that her face was getting hot.

"But I thought you had a telegram, my dear," said Uncle Alec.

"Yes—I mean no—that is, it was uncertain," stammered the young wife. Uncle Alec felt puzzled, and began to wonder why Flora had not shown him the telegram from her husband. Just then the garden-gate clicked, then went to with a slam. This heralded the arrival of Charles himself. He was seemingly in the wildest of high spirits, which contrasted with his recent depression, and, coupled with the strange telegram he had sent in the morning, filled Flora's heart with alarm.

"My dear uncle, how are you?" he asked cordially, grasping the old gentleman's hand.

"I am very well indeed, Charles, and pleased to see you looking so fit."

"Never was more fit in my life. Charming weather we are having? Why, Flora! I quite expected you and Uncle Alec to have been waiting for me at the station."

"I could not leave Lydia alone to cook the dinner," said Flora, who felt ready to cry at this boisterous good temper of her husband.

"Well, I'll just run and have a brush up, and then shall be ready to compliment you on your cookery," he cried gaily, and, dashing out of the small drawing-room, ran up the stairs three at a time. "Charles gets younger, I declare," was Uncle Alec's observation. "Ah! there's nothing like the buoyant spirits of youth. You should borrow a little from your husband, my dear."

Charles in the meantime closed his bedroom door, and proceeded soberly enough to prepare himself for dinner. All his assumption of gaiety had disappeared; there was not the vestige of a smile left on his countenance, which on the contrary appeared quite drawn and haggard.

"Heavens! Why did I do it?" he asked himself in one of the pauses in his toilet. "It may fall me after all—and then—I must have been mad!"

He pressed his hands to his forehead, muttering: "My head feels as though it would burst. What the dickens shall I do? I wish that blooming old man had not come. Two long hours until six o'clock, and in the meantime I must 'smile and smile,' and feel at heart a villain."

Feverishly he poured some eau-de-Cologne on the palms of his hands and dashed it on to his burning brow. Flora came in at this minute looking exceedingly pretty in a cool flowered-muslin dress. She had been to the garden to get a rose for his button-hole, and now offered it with a half-frightened, half-reproachful air. "Aren't you well, dear?" she asked, noticing the eau-de-Cologne.

"No, I feel a bit off, but I did not like to say so to uncle. It is the heat, I expect, and the hurrying to catch that train. There, little woman, don't cry. It is nothing to worry about," and he bent down and kissed Flora, for she felt that her worst suspicions were being confirmed, and the tears had

rushed to her eyes. "Come, now," he said. "We must put on our brightest face for Uncle Alec, since he has honoured us with this visit."

At table, Charles decidedly overdid his part; he was actually hilarious even before the wine was poured out. When the dinner had progressed a little Uncle Alec said in a quiet but suggestive way, "In coming to London my dear Charles, I had two objects in view. One was the fulfilment of a long-standing promise on my part to pay the Robertsons' a visit, and the other was to have a little business chat with you. Now, with regard to that £500 of Flora's—"

A ghastly spasm contracted Charles' face for one brief instant. No one noticed it.

"I heard a few days ago of a capital investment. That was in fact why I hurried my visit a little. It is a thing that must be closed with at once."

"Certainly, certainly," Charles replied in over-loud tones. "There's nothing like striking the iron while it is hot. I could tell you a capital story illustrative of that. Our senior, Mr. Blanchard, you know—"

"Special edition," came a cry borne in on the afternoon breeze through the wide-open window, "Race special!"

"Mr. Blanchard, you know," Charles went on, feeling as though he were going to faint, and straining his ears to catch the remainder of the newsboy's cry, "is very slow—and—er—er—er—say—"

"Temptress wins the Sandringham Stakes! Special!" came wafted in with the scent of roses and stocks.

Charles came to a full stop. His face turned a livid green, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, his hands tremblingly clutched the table, and altogether he looked pitiable.

Flora ran to his side with a little cry. "Oh, Charles, my darling! I knew you were ill," she moaned. "Oh, why did you not speak and let us get the doctor in time?"

"Don't!" said her husband, staggering to his feet, and pushing aside the glass of water she held. "I shall be all right. The heat, you know, hurrying and all that." He went to the window, whilst Uncle Alec ministered to Flora, who was in an almost fainting condition. After a time Charles, by a supreme effort, controlled himself sufficiently to return to the table, and the meal was concluded much more quietly than it was begun.

"As I was going to say before you got that weak turn, Charles, with regard to that £500 of Flora's," pursued her uncle (Charles groaned in spirit), "the concern in which I could have it invested would bring in five per cent. But," and there was a quiet twinkle in the old man's eyes, "I heard from a little bird this morning, that with another five hundred to add to it, you could secure a partnership in your own business. How would you like me to advance you the five hundred? I should not be hard on you if you never paid it back? Eh, Flora? What do you think, Charles?"

Charles had muttered something which they did not catch. It was "Curse that Lopes!" He said aloud in a chastened manner—"It is very good of you—very good indeed. But I can't talk about it now. I am feeling very ill. Later on—later on—" he concluded in a wild manner.

"Charles, you must go and lie down. Please, uncle, speak to him. Do insist upon his going. Business will keep," begged Flora.

But Charles wanted no pressing. In passing through the hall he glanced rapidly at the evening paper which lay on the table. It was too true. Temptress had won, and Flora's five hundred pounds was gone.

He staggered up to his bedroom, and fell into an armchair, where he sat and moaned aloud. When Flora came in she knelt by his side and begged of him to say what was the matter.

"Are you in pain, dearest?" she asked patiently. "Have you some internal disease you are hiding from me?" Horrid thoughts of cancer and such like afflictions rushed into her mind.

"I have sent Lydia for Dr. Mervyn," she continued. "I do hope it is some curable disease. Oh, Charles, I am so frightened! Don't look at me in such a strange way. After your telegram of this morning, and what you said the other day, you make me think you are going mad."

She found the telegram and gave it to him. He took it half listlessly, half impatiently. It read—"Put a tiger on Uncle Alec for me—CHARLES GILLAN."

He looked at the flimsy bit of paper and the strange words until his eyes seemed about to drop out of his head. As their full import dawned upon him, the blood came with a rush to his face, and as quickly receded.

"Water," he said feebly. "I am going to f—f—"

He leant back in his chair, pale and lifeless-looking, but by the time Flora arrived tremblingly with a glass of water, he had recovered.

After two or three gulps he grasped the precious telegram and again read it greedily.

He was safe—the money was all right. What a joy!

"Are you any better?" spoken anxiously by Flora, recalled him to his senses.

"Very much better, darling, thank you," he said in tones of relief. "Give me that stupid thing," and he crushed the telegram up in his hand. "It was a mistake, I'll explain it later on. Let us go downstairs."

Some years after, when the prosperity of the Gillans was such that Uncle Alec had been repaid, and the Putney villa deserted, Charles told Flora the story of his temporary weakness. In the intensity of his longing to get the money which would obtain him a partnership in his firm, he had succumbed to temptation at the last moment before the race for the Sandringham Stakes, and had telegraphed to a bookmaker whose code he knew, to put five hundred pounds on the horse Billy Lopes had declared was a sure winner—Uncle Sam.

The betting was two to one, which served to convince him that Uncle Sam was safe and the money could be put on with confidence. The result proved otherwise. However, good fortune waited on Charles Gillan that day, and so what with the excitement consequent upon the important step he was taking, and the reception of Flora's telegram stating the sudden arrival of her uncle, his telegrams got slightly mixed. The bookmaker was surprised to get a wire from "Charles," saying, "Shall be with you and Uncle Sam at three p.m."

Flora, as we have seen, was quite unnerved at the strange request made to her, and it was no wonder that in her innocence she set it down to Charles' incipient madness.



20th century Fagins

About Up-to-date
Trainers of Child
Criminals.

"One of 'Blind Jimmy's' pupils," remarked the Inspector parenthetically.

P.W. glanced at the tear-stained face of the little wench in the dock—a face framed in a tangle of tousled hair and bearing about it already the unmistakable hall-marks of the professional criminal—and back again.

"Blind Jimmy with the organ, you know," continued the officer, answering a glance of interrogation, "trainer of half the regular child thieves of London."

The scene was a Metropolitan Police Court, and the juvenile delinquent in question was charged with picking pockets. She gave her age as nine; she looked seven, counting by years, twenty-seven in knowledge of evil and of the world.

Further inquiry revealed the fact that the Blind Jimmy in question is an almost perfect duplicate in real life of Dickens' Fagin; except, however, that he is not a Jew. For years he kept a regular academy for juvenile criminals in the notorious Seven Dials district, where babies of six and seven were instructed in all the arts of pocket-picking and other forms of petty larceny.

This particular establishment was, however, broken up by the police some few years back, and Jimmy got the none too severe sentence of twenty months' hard labour at the London Sessions. Since his release he has returned to his old game, but is so wary that Scotland Yard has almost begun to despair of ever again bringing him to justice.

It was in Jimmy's training-school that the so-called "Wandle pirates" graduated. This gang of youthful desperadoes chose for their headquarters a low, reed-covered island on the river Wandle, in the middle of which they built themselves a hut, and also hollowed out a sort of cave.

HOW CHILDREN ARE TRAINED.

From this asylum they used to sally forth, plundering unguarded barges and robbing isolated farmhouses. These depredations they carried on for some five or six months, and when, at last, they were overtaken by the long arm of the law, two carts had to be requisitioned to remove the plunder they had accumulated.

Next to Blind Jimmy, perhaps the best-known professional child-thief-trainer in London is an old "lag" (convict) known as "Horton Harry." His real name is said to be Henry Kershaw, and he was once a fairly prosperous tradesman. That, however, was many years back. Drink and betting brought about his downfall, and, after a couple of convictions for felony, he embarked deliberately on the nefarious calling he now pursues.

Unlike Jimmy, however, who, to quote his own words, "takes no chances," Horton Harry is very reckless in his operations, with the result that he has been raided by the police, not once or twice only, but many times. On the last occasion the officers found in his possession two fully dressed lay figures of a man and a woman. These were suspended by cords from the ceiling of his den, and were used by his juvenile pupils for practice purposes.

Each of the figures was purposely clad in clothes provided with many pockets, small and difficult of access, and in these pockets Harry used, during lesson time, to deposit sundry small articles, such as purses, pocket books, watches and cigarette cases. These had to be extracted by each child in turn, and woe betide the bungler. He, or she, as the case might be, invariably received a severe thrashing with their brutal task-master's belt.

A PROMISING PUPIL.

Some idea of the class of juvenile criminals turned out from Harry's academy may be gathered by instancing the typical case of James Corps, aged eight, one of his most promising pupils, and also the one who—through no fault of his own, however—was indirectly responsible for getting his master his last "stretch" (year's imprisonment).

Master Corps was brought up at the Southwark police court, charged with robbery and assault. He is rather a pretty child, with blue eyes, flaxen curls, and a trustful smile. Yet the evidence showed that there had been recorded against him more than twenty acts of larceny, committed in different parts of the Metropolis. On the very morning of the day he had been charged, he had stolen a watch and chain, and had got clear away with them.

He then robbed a till, also getting away with the proceeds in safety, although chased by three policemen. He next went into a shop and stole some eggs, and, on being pursued, threw them in the shopman's face. Finally, this juvenile desperado stole a hock of bacon, and a woman ran after him. He allowed her to come up to him, and then struck her violently in the chest

with his plunder, knocking her down and causing her to fracture her thigh. This finally led to his arrest.

The smartest of modern thief-trainers, however, is not a man, but a woman, by name Pollie Carr. She is also known as "Handsome Pollie," and the sobriquet is certainly not ill-deserved, for her share of good looks is far and away above the average. Indeed, she was at one time a professional model, and her portrait as Venus was to be seen not many years back on the walls of the Royal Academy.

But, unfortunately for herself as well as for society at large, she is by no means so good as she is beautiful. Indeed, one might go a good deal further, and, without in any way libelling her, describe her as one of the worst and most depraved of her sex.

Handsome Pollie had considerable acquaintance with the methods of thief-trainers, ere she became one herself; and she noted that the rock which they one and all split on, sooner or later, was the hostility or treachery of the parents of the young thieves they turned out. The children themselves, she observed, seldom or never "split," either because they were too frightened, or from a perverted sense of loyalty.

Pollie, therefore, determined to steal her pupils, and she set about her task with the same care and cunning that she has invariably exhibited in her criminal enterprises since she was herself quite a little girl. For one thing she would never kidnap a London child. She used to say that she feared the London press, which delighted to make a mountain out of a mole-hill when it had any such subject as child-stealing to deal with. Her favourite hunting-grounds were race meetings, and, when the season was on, the Kentish hop fields.

HANDSOME POLLIE'S SCHOOL.

She was caught at last, however, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude for stealing the child of a gipsy named McKee, at Epsom. The disclosures at the trial made a big sensation; but, as a matter of fact, not a twentieth part of what was known to the police came out. Pollie rented at the time a whole house in Stamford Street, with a back and front entrance, and here her kidnapped pupils were instructed in the art of stealing.

One good thing can be said for her, she was invariably kind to them. Indeed, she was genuinely fond of children; although she herself used to say that it was a part and parcel of her policy. "Beat and bully a kid," she was once heard to remark, "and like as not it'll 'round' on you the first time it's 'copped'; treat it well, and it won't forget it."

Of course, it is both lamentable and pitiful that such dens as those described above should exist in London to-day. But there is one comfort. We are not now, in this respect, so bad as we were. About the time that our late gracious Queen ascended the throne a list was prepared of the known establishments—"flash houses" they were then termed—where juvenile criminals were trained. They were found to number two hundred, accommodating six thousand children, very few of whom were over thirteen years of age.

Those were the times, too, of savage ferocity in punishing juveniles, and that without distinction of sex. Thus, at one assize, Annie Hawkins, aged nine, and wholly unknown to the police, was sentenced to eight years' transportation for taking a little toy hammer, value one penny, from a basketful which was placed at a shop door; and John Bell, aged thirteen, for killing a playmate in a fit of childish passion, was condemned to death. And what is more, both sentences were actually inflicted, the little boy being duly hanged in public outside Maidstone Gaol on August 1st, 1831.

BICYCLES FOR BOYS

AND GIRLS, and Thousands of Other Prizes.

£5 NOTES FOR TEACHERS and

£5 NOTES FOR PARENTS.

HERE is a chance for thousands of you to secure a pencil-case, a penknife, or a book each, and two of you to each secure a brand new bicycle. All you have to do is to copy in black ink the words "Pearson's Weekly." To interest; to elevate; to amuse," on the first cover page. Copies must be larger than the original on the cover, and the work must be done in school hours at the request of the master or mistress of your class. No ruling is allowed.

When the headings are done the teacher should collect them and send them along in an envelope marked "BOY" or "GIRL" (as the case may be), to the Editor of Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., together with a few lines certifying that the heading is in each case the unaided work of the competitor.

Each heading must bear the name of the pupil who drew it. As the attempts of each school are finished they should be sent in AT ONCE, when the prizes will be immediately awarded. Schools may make any number of attempts. This competition will close TUESDAY, JULY 15th.

To the pupil in each school competing who sends in the most accurate drawing, a pencil-case, a penknife, or a book will be awarded, and to the boy and the girl whose attempt the Editor considers to be the best of all those sent in from all the schools will be presented a brand new bicycle (one bicycle for a boy, and one bicycle for a girl). Moreover, the teacher of each pupil who receives a bicycle will be presented with a cheque for £5. The mother of each pupil who wins a bicycle will also receive £5.

Show this to your school teacher, and ask him or her to allow you and your schoolmates to enter for this competition. The number of copies of Pearson's Weekly required for the purpose of copying will be sent post free on receipt of a postcard, addressed to "Publisher, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C."

DOMESTICS IN ROYAL ROBES.

How Some Wealthy People will be Attended at
Coronation Dinners by Servants Dressed in Fancy
Costume.

THE announcement in the newspapers a short time ago that a wealthy commercial magnate of New York, visiting London for the Coronation and its attendant festivities, was going to fill the house rented by him in the West-end with domestics dressed in specially-designed costumes, is likely to become characteristic of the Coronation entertaining.

Already one of the many millionaires who think an expenditure of £1,000 for a dinner nothing extraordinary, has instructed a well-known theatrical costumier to prepare robes for his servants. As a somewhat obscure compliment to King Edward, Croesus and his guests will be waited on by domestics dressed in the costumes of the courtiers of the period of Edward VI.

The Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Somerset, Elizabeth, Mary, the unhappy Lady Jane Grey, and other prominent figures of the time, are all to be represented from copies of the costumes in existing pictures. The guests of the millionaire will accordingly have their salmon handed to them, not by a waiter in conventional evening dress, but in vest of gorgeous colours, silk stockings, plush breeches, and a mantle, together with a swagger property sword dangling at his side.

Another opulent American was recently advertising for girls of a minimum height of six feet and possessed of good figures. They were required to wear a specially designed dress, to wait at table, and attend to the wants of visitors. As very good salaries were offered, and the work was light, there is no doubt the millionaire obtained the requisite number of girls.

A series of dresses designed after the picturesque Swiss costume was also to be seen a few weeks ago in the windows of a large outfitters' in Regent Street. These were also to garb the domestics of a large house taken for the Coronation season.

The idea is not by any means new, as a well-known duchess, who takes exception to the ordinary print dresses and white caps usually worn by servants, makes it a rule of her household that in the morning her maids shall wear brown holland dresses, with Dutch bonnets to match; while for evening and attendance on visitors, they wear blue serge dresses with white trimmings. The men-servants, too, are not exempt from the dress rules. Blue serge suits, with facings of white braid, are their uniforms, and even the coachman and portly butler must forego the usual silk stockings and knee breeches, and don the regulation trousers.

Another Society dame, noted for allowing her servants one week in the year to use her carriages and drawing-room in entertaining callers while she is out of town, also compels her maids and men to wear sailor costumes, the men's suits being similar to those worn in the Navy. This is perhaps natural in the wife of an Admiral, and indeed most of her domestics are from amongst the children of men who have served under her husband.

As a special attraction at her house party in Perthshire last Christmas, the hostess obtained the fancy dresses necessary to give a performance entitled "Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks." The figures are supposed to represent waxworks, and at a sign from the showman act like automatic models. Other persons not being available, the mistress had instructed her maids and men in their several parts, which they acted very successfully.

Supper, however, was arranged to be served immediately after the waxworks show, and for the servants to change their costumes would have considerably delayed the meal. A happy thought struck the mistress. Why not let them appear at table in their waxworks guise? The novelty was so pleasing to hostess and guests alike that it was continued on several occasions afterwards.

An Austrian princess, who married a handsome young nobleman much against her father's wishes, has also a fancy on occasions for dressing her attendants in various disguises. Any important dinner party given by her is certain to be made picturesque by the fancy costumes of her servants. The princess herself designs the dresses, and assists her maids in the sewing and making of them.

Perhaps the most novel costumes ever worn by servants are those belonging to a wealthy family living in Paris.

Each time six of the servants wear costumes copied from pictures of the last six sovereigns of France they receive sums equivalent to £1 each. This is one of the peculiar conditions of a will which shows the bitter spirit of the testator, who died during the Great Revolution, against the royalty of his country. He made it a principal condition of his bequest that his heirs should not benefit by his property unless twice a year—the anniversaries of the testator's death and the birthday of the principal legatee—they celebrate the event with a dinner, when six servants must wear copies of the royal robes, and, as mock kings, bow the knee and wait on the requirements of the descendants of the ironical revolutionist.

"The Confessions of Cynthia," containing the startling revelations of a Lady's Companion, begins in next Tuesday's SHORT STORIES.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

A QUESTION OF PRESSURE.

If the Boiler and Engine Room of a Steamer were Suddenly Flooded with Water, would the Boilers Burst? (6665.)

The chances are that they would not burst. The danger would arise from the stresses to which the boiler plates would be subjected by having cold water on one side, and water much hotter than ordinary boiling water on the other side. If the pressure gauge read 160 lbs. to the square inch, then the temperature of the water and steam inside the boiler would be 372° Fahrenheit, whilst ordinary boiling water is only 212°. The great differences of temperature—outside and inside—would tend to crack the boiler plates.

If the plates survived the first shock, as they would in the great majority of cases, then there would be absolutely no fear of the boilers bursting, as the pressure inside them would diminish very rapidly. The accounts given of the boilers bursting when steamships founder must, therefore, be received with great caution. The water getting into the furnaces would naturally cause the generation of large quantities of steam suddenly. There is no authentic case recorded of the boilers of a submerged steamer having been found burst by the divers.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL MYSTERY.

Saving Life Itself, which is the Greatest Mystery with which Medical Science is now Confronted? (6076.)

There are, of course, many problems such as the differentiation of sex, the control of the brain over most of the vital functions, the use of the thyroid gland—a small body in the neck which is the seat of the disfiguring disease known as goitre, and on which, in some mysterious way, the general nourishment of the body depends—the spleen, and other small organs of the body whose functions have not yet been determined; but these are, after all, rather general than specific.

On the whole, the best answer would appear to be cancer. This disease has been the object of close study for centuries, but its origin is as obscure as it ever was. It is absolutely incurable, save sometimes by amputation of the affected part, and it is not yet known for certain whether it is hereditary or not. The greatest mystery of cancer consists in the fact that it is not affected by the agencies which have either stamped out, or reduced all other diseases. Indeed, so far from being reduced in virulence by sanitation and universal improvement in medicine and surgery, cancer actually increases with the progress of civilisation, and apparently flourishes in defiance of all the precautions that modern science can take against it.

A HARDY ANNUAL EPIDEMIC.

Which Periodic Epidemic in this Country Seems to Recur with the most Constant Regularity? (6077.)

Nothing so nearly answers the question as influenza, which has been pandemic at least three times in the nineteenth century, and since the last, 1889, has appeared year by year in the early spring. At one time it affects the organs of respiration; at another, the gastric system, and hence is the supposed parent of the now more frequent appendicitis; a third type affects the nervous system and leads to functional derangements and great debility, whilst yet a fourth variety shows febrile symptoms, and aggravated catarrh.

Like cholera it travels from east to west, following lines of trade more or less regularly, and is often found travelling against the prevailing winds. Though the direct mortality is low, yet the serious complications which often ensue, especially pneumonia, make the indirect mortality considerable. "Once bitten, twice shy" gives no immunity, as second attacks are frequent. The one redeeming feature is its short sojourn in any neighbourhood.

WHITE AND BLACK IN BATTLE.

Have Coloured Troops ever been Used in Warfare between Civilised Nations? (6071.)

In the wars conducted under the old civilisations this was an invariable practice, and, as all nations indulged in it, no discredit was attached to the custom. In modern times, reasons, partly of policy, and partly of sentiment, have prevented to some extent the use of coloured troops against white enemies, but this has by no means been a general rule. For instance, during the struggle between the French and ourselves for the Empire of India, coloured auxiliaries were used by both sides without comment. In the War of Independence, in America, and also in the conquest of Canada, the Indians were freely employed as scouts, spies, and as fighting units. In the American Civil War negro regiments were used on both sides.

The most recent instance is furnished by France in the war of 1870-1, when African troops were largely employed, and did very good service against the Germans. A great deal of sentimental nonsense has been written and talked during the present war about the possible arming of natives against the Boers, especially by the French, who, as just stated, used Africans against the Germans. The sentimental objection is sufficiently answered by the opinions and practice of General Grant and President Lincoln, who agreed on the enlistment of negroes to fight their fellow-countrymen, and who found no fault with General Lee for doing the same. In Africa it has been a matter of policy not to do so, but in the event of a Russian invasion of India, this policy would undoubtedly be reversed.

OUR MOST PROMISING COLONIES.

Which British Colony has the best Future Prospects? (6072.)

The answer would seem to lie almost equally between the Dominion of Canada and the Commonwealth of Australia. Each have vast advantages and equal disadvantages. The long Canadian winters and the vast frozen areas of the extreme north have their counterpoises in the long and devastating droughts, which are the curse of Australian agriculture and sheep and cattle-raising, and the vast desert areas of the interior and north-west. Both are inhabited by a splendid race of men, full of energy and hope for the future, although here the rigours of the Canadian climate may prove morally and physically more stimulating than the sub-tropical climate of Australia.

Geographically, Australia has the great advantage of isolation, while Canada, with an immensely powerful neighbour along 3,000 miles of its borders, and open to attack on two oceans, would be more vulnerable. On the other hand, it has the compensating advantage of nearness to great centres of civilisation, and the possession of the Imperial overland highway to the East. On the whole, it may be safe to predict that Canada will be the Northern Empire of the future, with or without union with the United States, while Australia and New Zealand and the adjacent islands will be the future ocean realm of the South. The possibilities of South Africa under British rule are undoubtedly vast, but at least a generation must pass away before it would be safe to make any definite forecast as to its future.

SAME-SIZED PEOPLE.

Among which People is there the most Striking Uniformity in Size? (6074.)

Of civilised peoples, the Japanese undoubtedly form the most striking answer. In a Japanese crowd, it is a very rare thing to see one head overtopping the rest, even by an inch or so, though the upper classes are slightly superior in stature. Of European nations, the French display the greatest uniformity. Their average military height, as seen in reviews, is an inch or two over five feet. It must, however, be remembered that in a country where tall men are the exception, these are drafted into special regiments, and this makes the uniformity of the line more striking than it might otherwise be.

Of semi-civilised races, some Eskimo tribes have an average for both sexes of four feet, five to six inches, although, even among them, the better-fed tribes show differences in stature. The general average for the race

might be taken at from four feet nine to five feet. Among the Lapps, the average height is about five feet six. This would, however, appear to be a result of poor feeding and lack of warmth, since the Finns, who inhabit a similar country and climate, but who are better fed and housed, will compare favourably in stature with any European race. As a general rule, it may be taken that difficulty of procuring regular supplies of food, and of keeping the body reasonably warm in all seasons, tends to produce a stunted sameness of stature.

THE CURSE OF CLOTHES.

To what Savage Nation has the Introduction of Clothes been most Harmful? (6075.)

In a general sense the answer must include all savage tribes occupying the torrid regions of the earth. In his natural state the savage of the tropics used clothing as ornament, not as protection. The mistaken prudery of early explorers and missionaries did not understand this fact, and the result was that, when they introduced clothing in the interests of what they considered to be decency, they inflicted upon their converts the most terrible scourge, save, perhaps, that of alcoholism, for which the dark man is indebted to the white man. This is consumption, which, so far as we know, did not exist before the advent of clothing.

The reason is not far to seek. The savage was prepared, through generations of adaptation, to endure heat and comparative cold without protection. The use of clothing interfered with the natural functions of his skin. When he got too hot he flung his clothes off, and, in cooling, caught a chill. When he got cold, he put them on again, wet. The results of chills on organisms totally unaccustomed to them were, of course, throat and lung disease, which acted with deadly effect on constitutions totally unfitted to withstand them. Again, clothing led the savage to discard the use of the oils and fats which he was accustomed to rub into his skin, and which kept it in a perfectly healthy condition. Finally, there is no doubt that clothing also has been the means of conveying disease which would have found no hold on the constantly washed and lubricated skin of the savage. Of all savage races, the aborigines of Australia suffered the most from this cause; the South Sea Islanders make a good second.

USE FOR SURPLUS MILLIONS.

Which would Probably be the best Practical Use to which a Committee of Six, Twelve Millionaires could Put their Surplus Wealth? (6073.)

The field of pure philanthropy, which may be defined as the giving of something for nothing, has already been worked out with results which have not been, on the whole, encouraging to fresh effort. It is, indeed, doubtful whether any expenditure of money, as such, would permanently relieve the pressure of unfavourable conditions, so far as the economic life of established communities is concerned. Thus, millions might be spent to remove the evil of overcrowding in cities, but there is no guarantee that this would prevent the influx of even lower and cheaper forms of labour of which commercial greed would infallibly take advantage. Money spent in anticipation of natural, social, or political reforms has nearly always been either wasted or perverted.

There remain, however, two channels through which the golden stream could certainly flow with profit to the whole of the human race. One is the endowment of institutions for scientific research, including, of course, hospitals and schools of medicine, and the other is the reclamation of waste portions of the earth by artificial irrigation. It is well known that there are millions of acres of the earth's surface now incapable of supporting the scantiest vegetation which, given an adequate supply of water, would be amongst the most fertile areas in the world. To reclaim these would be to add definitely to the world's wealth, and to give lucrative employment, not only to the unemployed of the present day, but to generations after them. Granted, therefore, that the twelve millionaires could each give a million a year, three millions devoted to the former object, and nine millions to the latter, would probably furnish the most satisfactory solution of the problem.

QUESTIONS.

6101. Which European race has amalgamated most rapidly with the native population of its Colonies and dependencies?
6102. Which is the best part of a room to speak from?
6103. Is it possible to break a glass by singing?
6104. Which is the first historical example of the federation of a country's colonies?
6105. Which is the hardest worked race of people?
6106. Is the American spelling of words ending in "our," e.g., honour, more correct than the English spelling?
6107. Which English custom has changed least during the last hundred years?
6108. Which English law has undergone the most changes since it was first passed?
6109. Which country has the strongest hold on the affection of its inhabitants?
6110. Who is the only British Commander who has two K.C.B.'s?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of 42 1/2 s. a column for all replies printed. The number of replies may vary from one to five, according to the interest of the question. Replies should be sent to the Editor, PEARSON'S WEEKLY, 40, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. Replies should be sent by the first post on the Monday of the week following that in which the question is asked. Payment will only be made for replies published. Questions on which replies are not given will be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

LITTLE SON: "Mamma, what is an animal?"
Mamma: "Oh, anything that goes on legs!"
Little Son: "Stockings!"

"My income is small," said a rather dilatory lover, "and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof."
"But I don't live on the roof," was the prompt reply.

"PA," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a great deal more, isn't it, after it's broken?"
"Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?"
"Because I broke the new rocking-horse you gave me this morning."

WILLIS: "I'd hate to be as hard up as Broke seems to be."

Miss Wallace: "What leads you to think he is hard up?"

"Why, he's been to me ten times this week to get that five shillings I borrowed from him six months ago."

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You should read about "A Derby Day in the Snow" in the June PEARSON'S—a great race-meeting held near Stockholm, when all the country lay buried in snow.



Their Tastes Vary from Everton
Toffee to Yarmouth
Bloaters.

"As an epicure," genially remarked Shrewsbury, "I was delighted to see a capital recipe in the 'Home Notes' page of P.W. 'Take half a pound of fine, dry flour, rub into it six ounces of butter, add four ounces of caster—'"

"Oil!" chimed in Whitchurch, a neighbouring town which prides itself upon its ale.

"Oh, well, if you won't listen, you won't," aggrievedly resumed Shrewsbury. "Anyhow, every sensible being knows there's nothing to beat my cakes, or my brawn. Shrewsbury cakes have long made me famous. There are no better to be had."

Eccles did not allow this statement to pass unchallenged:

"I'll admit that with your steep, narrow streets, and your black and white half-timbered houses, you are picturesque beyond most towns, but I do deny that your cakes are the best. What price Eccles cakes?"

Naturally Everton, being a Liverpudlian, could not allow Mancunian Eccles to have the field to itself, so it extolled the virtues of its renowned toffee. Quaint old Totnes, in an enfeebled voice, babbled of the superiority of its toffee.

"Everton toffee is all right, after a fashion," said Doncaster, "but it can't be compared with my butter-scotch. There's no sweetstuff that can lick Doncaster butter-scotch!"

"Except Blackpool rock," added the seaside town.

"Bah!" ejaculated Pontefract in a tone of infinite disgust. "All your dainties (save the mark!) are new—new and nasty. Now, my speciality is not new, it is as old as the hills almost. Bless my life, I have records which show that even so far back as 1562, I grew liquorice to make into the lozenges known throughout the world as Pomfret cakes."

STOUT AND OYSTERS FOR COLCHESTER

"You should see my nurseries and market gardens, hundreds of years old. You should see the fields upon fields of growing liquorice. What is there tastier or healthier than Pomfret cakes?"

"Grantham gingerbread," said Sir Isaac Newton's town. Ormakirk alleged that its gingerbread was "as good as Grantham gingerbread any day."

"But Belfast ginger-ale beats both," exclaimed the largest and most prosperous of Irish towns. This brought out a peevish remark from its displaced rival, regarding Dublin stout as a beverage.

Burton was about to give a dissertation upon the excellence of its beers when Colchester stopped it short by saying:

"Stout and oysters are the only things that make life worth living—provided they're Colchester oysters. They've been the go since the days of the Romans. I always give an annual oyster banquet, and I should know something about oysters seeing that I sold 2,500,000 last year, that is over £18,000 worth."

"That's nothing," contemptuously commented Clitheroe. "I always elect my mayor at a cockle and mussel banquet. The City of London may pride itself on being an epicure where turtle soups are concerned, but give me cockles and mussels."

"What shocking taste," sniffed Clacton. "I feast my people on whiting, served in five different ways."

"You cannot compare that with my whitebait banquet," said Gravesend.

"Oho! What about my banquet?" inquired Greenwich. "Everybody has heard of my whitebait dinner held by the Cabinet ministers."

HALIFAX WANTS FRIED FISH AND CHIPS.

"My word, what importance," sneered Yarmouth. "I think nothing of your whitebait. Give me good red herring, something crammed full of rich, juicy flavour. Yarmouth bloaters are known and esteemed throughout the whole world. As prepared at my Corporation dinner, my bloaters could not fail to tickle the palate of the most exacting epicure. I serve them up in any number of ways, but they're always delicious."

"When taken with my sauce, eh?" suggested Worcester.

"Give me fried fish and chip potatoes," said Halifax, which shares with Oldham the distinction of leading in this respect, although at Aston music is provided in addition.

"Say as you will, there is nothing to beat the roast meat of Old England," said Barnsley. "But it must be good. Where in the world will you find such juicy chops as mine? Epicures know that Barnsley chops are unequalled."

"They are quite double the size of any other town's chops, and usually cost 2s. 6d. each. A Barnsley chop is composed of three ribs cut from a good loin of mutton, all the fat being removed. It is first half-boiled, then cooked on a grid over a coke fire, and finally fried before the fire. It's a gastronomic treat—real champion, there's no doubt."

"I might say the same about my pork pies," exclaimed Melton Mowbray. "And I about my sausages," added Cambridge, which was followed by Aylesbury, with sundry remarks concerning the excellence of its fat ducks.

Lancaster referred to its salmon, and Denby Dale to its big pies, one of which required ten horses to drag it, while Banbury would have had much to say about its celebrated cakes had not Bury interfered.

"What are Banbury cakes, or Scarborough simnels compared with Bury simnels? The daintiest of all dainties, however, is a Bury pudding. Year after year those funny-looking, little black sausages, with their white dots of rice, carry my fame further and further. Bury puddings for epicures, say I."

"None of you have such a fame as I," piped Stilton. "I am but a wretched, little, deserted village, with a mere handful of inhabitants. Seated on the Great North Road between Huntingdon and Peterborough you might easily overlook me, yet my name is known all over the globe. Who does not know Stilton cheese, the cheese I gave the name to?"

SOUTHPORT'S THREE "S's."

"And who does not know my marmalade?" interrogated Dundee. "Marmalade and confectionery are where I can beat other towns."

"Well, I enjoy a reputation for sands, spinsters, and shrimps," asserted Southport. "Yes, genuine Southport shrimps are dainties beloved by all true epicures."

"Talking about spinsters, I enjoy a reputation for Biddenden maids," said Biddenden. "These are small hard cakes on which are impressed two quaint figures, twins."

"Oh!" was Guildford's remark. "You epicurean towns should take a leaf out of my book. I provide my poor-law guardians with two-penny lions when they attend the workhouse in order to transact public business. This luncheon consists of four ounces of bread and two ounces of cheese, and is only for those guardians who live at a distance. They provide their own liquid refreshment."

"That's not my style," said Stockport. "At one of my dinners they were a good number of teetotallers, including twenty-two temperance reformers. The diners numbered 155 in all, and they consumed 154 bottles of champagne at 10s. a bottle, a good quantity of spirits, eight dozen bottles of Bass, and ten boxes of 6d. cigars. Altogether, that dinner cost me 30s. for each guest. I'm an epicure, am I not?"

His Confidence.

"I've something to tell you," he bashfully said, And his face turned a lobster-like hue; "I'm sure you've not guessed" (here his colour all fled) "What I'm going to mention to you."

"We've long known each other" (his listener's look Encouragement gave to proceed); "And I trust that true friendship will aid you to brook Even impertinence, should there be need."

"Believe me," she said, with a love-waiting smile, "Whatever you may say, I'll not frown;" He gasped—in confusion he stood for a while—"Your back hair is all coming down!"

Wiser Than He Looked.

THERE are losses which people suffer unconsciously like that sustained by the geologist who hired a Scotch gillie to carry his bag of specimens across the mountains.

"It was a heavy load, and just nothing but stones," said Donald, relating his experiences to a friend, "and I was not fool enough to drag the pebbles a guinea ten miles. I just emptied the bag before I started, and filled it at the cairn I last came to, and the gentleman was just as pleased."

A Born Financier.

NURSE was constantly vexed with baby playing with pins which he found about the floor, so little Tommy was told he would receive one halfpenny for every dozen he found, so that baby wouldn't get them.

Tommy was proud of his commission, and one day, when his halfpennies had mounted up, he said to his guardian:

"Nurse, do you know what I am going to do when I get sixpence?"

Nurse: "No, Tommy."

Tommy: "Well, I am going to buy a packet of pins, and scatter them about the floor when ma isn't looking."

BEWARE OF THESE TRICKS.

Some Dodges the Pickpocket will Use at the Coronation.

PICKPOCKETS are looking forward with unrighteous glee to the golden opportunities that the Coronation crowds will afford them. To be convicted now and sentenced to a term of imprisonment lasting over the Coronation would be a dire calamity to members of the light-fingered profession, and to avoid any risks of this sort the majority are lying low until the festivities begin.

To treat everyone you meet as a rogue until you find them out, will be an excellent precept to follow when you sally forth this summer to honour the King. The friendly advances of total strangers treat with all the frigidity you can command—during the hot weather—and especially warn off jovial fellows who want to bet as to how high you can tip-toe against a ten-foot wall.

For lack of this advice, a festive visitor to Birmingham, a short while ago, found himself the poorer by £2. While admiring some of the sights of the Midland capital, he was accosted by two affable strangers, who offered a wager that he could not tip-toe nine feet against an adjacent building. Being a very tall fellow, and merry withal, he accepted the challenge. One of the men at first showed a disposition to aid him with sundry shoves and pushes, but his companion called him off, and the unsuspecting countryman tried again by himself. Having tipped to his fullest height with his face to the wall, he was surprised to get no reply to his query: "How's that?" Turning round, he discovered that his challengers had made off after filching the amount named from his pockets.

Should you happen to note, while waiting for your turn at the railway booking office, two or three men rush up, apparently in the greatest hurry, and endeavour to force their way through the crowd, take care that the "barrier trick" is not practised on you. All the hurrying and squirming of those men is needless. They are "barrier" pickpockets, who make their chief hauls out of the crowds awaiting their turn at the booking-office barriers, from which they derive their professional name.

The "barrier" trick will undoubtedly pay well this summer, for, in addition to the vast railway-station crowds, the hundreds of refreshment booths will afford just the same chances when numbers of people, eager to be served, are waiting round them.

Sometimes one of a gang tries to engage you in conversation or interest you in some attraction, while another fellow quietly relieves you of your valuables. Even if you discover your loss before your entertainer finally sheers off, to charge him is useless, for the lack of evidence to associate him directly with the theft.

Where a conversation cannot be forced, a quarrel can possibly be picked, and both serve the same in making you momentarily forget to keep guard. One moral is never to lose your temper in a crowd, for fear you lose something of far more value.

A useful member of a pickpocketing clique is one—preferably a woman—who can simulate illness, or take a fainting fit at will. As the crowd gives way for the "invalid" to be carried out, the latter's confederates make the most of their opportunities among the swaying multitude, and on the route of a long procession, the crowds can be worked in several places by slipping across the bye-streets.

A common dodge when two are working together is for one to cannon heavily against you on one side, and while you are casting indignant glances or reproaches after No. 1, you are neatly robbed by No. 2 operating on the other side.

The watch or scarf-pin snatcher is really a very old acquaintance, but he is continually improving on old methods. For fête days he has now a special dodge. Halting suddenly before a likely victim, he—or she—glances admiringly at some decorations overhead, exclaiming: "Oh, just look at that!" One needs to be very cool and collected not to be momentarily thrown off one's guard, and obey the invitation. Just that second's distraction, however, is all that is needed to enable an accomplice to annex both watch and scarf-pin.

The irresistible impulse to turn round when the sound of coins dropping behind is heard is well known to pickpockets, and thereon they arrange a scheme. One man approaches an intended victim from the front, while another creeps behind him, thus literally placing the unlucky pedestrian between two thieves. When the rear thief sees his pal only a few yards away he contrives to drop a few coppers on the pavement. Round swings the victim only, the next instant, to find himself in violent collision with the man approaching him. When he at last recovers himself sufficiently to take stock of his surroundings, it is to find that his watch and chain are gone for ever.

Here is a useful warning. Many people who see a pickpocket caught red-handed, and hauled out of a crowd by a policeman begin to breathe freely, and relax all previous precautions. Don't! His pals who remain in the crowd invariably profit by the false security engendered by the capture of one of their number. Redouble your precautions if the prisoner begins to kick and struggle, for this ruse enables the other members of the gang to reap a rich harvest while the crowd is intently watching the scene.



Big Pies.
The people of Denby Dale, near Barnsley, bake large pies in commemoration of remarkable events. The pie baked to celebrate her late Majesty's Jubilee was eight feet in diameter, two feet in depth, and weighed over two tons. The cost was £250.

Taking No Risks.

A good story is told of Lord Brampton. A passer of counterfeit coins was successfully defended by Hawkins, and he explained to one of his friends why he never had any doubts about his acquittal. "Ye see, I was fortunate enough to get 'old of that 'schem-faced young chap, 'Awkins. And, strike me lucky, if the beggar didn't try, fust the quid and then the bob, between 'is teeth before he'd tike the brief. I knew 'e would pull me through."

A Parochial Curiosity.

The little village of Crostwight, in Norfolk, holds a unique position in its freedom from officialdom and public institutions. At the present time there is no churchwarden, and, referring to the vacant office, the rector remarked, with philosophic airiness: "As we already manage without a day school, public-house, chapel, post-office, parish council, and guardian, perhaps the absence of a churchwarden also will not seriously affect us."

The Motor Car as a Narcotic.

It is a fact well known among those who are in the habit of riding on motors that their sleep is sound and refreshing, even when, under ordinary conditions, that is to say, apart from motoring, sleeplessness has been the uncomfortable rule. This result appears to be to a certain extent common to most open-air exercises and pursuits, but the forced respiration connected with the continuous rush through the atmosphere seems to have its own peculiar and specific effect in producing sleep.

Ownership of Lake Windermere.

The question of the ownership of Lake Windermere has arisen in consequence of the necessity of some authority being appointed to control the navigation of the lake. Westmorland claims that the whole of the lake is in that county, and Lancashire claims that the dividing line between the two shires is midway down the lake. Search at the Record Office has disclosed the fact that Henry II. appointed a commission of thirty men to inquire into and decide this question, and their decision, which was signed by Henry, substantiates Lancashire's claim.

Hen Nests in a Bed.

Hens occasionally take liberties in the choice of a nest. The favourite hen of an elderly spinster residing in a large Midland town was treated with a good deal of indulgence in order to counteract an unprofitable habit of her laying her eggs "off the premises." The other day she was astounded on turning down the bedclothes in a bedroom left unoccupied for a few days to discover one of the hens snugly ensconced within the blankets. As the startled bird waddled away, chucking her protest against the intrusion, an egg rolled out of her strange nest.

Keeping Him Cool.

When an Arab woman intends to marry again after the death of her husband, she comes in the night before her second marriage, to the grave of her dead husband. Here she kneels and prays to him, and intreats him not to be offended, not to be jealous. As, however, she fears he will be jealous and angry, the widow brings with her a donkey, laden with two goat-skins of water. Her prayers and intreaties done, she proceeds to pour on the grave the water to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place, and having well saturated him, she departs.

How to Pair Guests.

Parisian hostesses have invented a new method of dealing with one of the principal difficulties incident to dinner parties—that of pairing off the guests. On arriving in the drawing-room the guests find two baskets full of flowers. Hidden in the blossoms are numbered tickets. The men are requested to shut their eyes, put a hand into one basket, adorned with forget-me-nots or some other blue flower, and pull out a card. The ladies perform a like ceremony, drawing their tickets from a bower of pink blossoms, generally roses. The corresponding numbers then look for each other, and, having sorted themselves out, pair off and go in to dinner.

The Peer and the Workmen.

A good story is going the rounds concerning a certain Peer who is well known for his habits of frugality. Amongst other thrifty practices, it is his lordship's custom to travel third-class on the railway when journeying to or from his country seat, and although many attempts have been made to bring the errors of his ways home to him, they have all proved fruitless. On a recent occasion the officials at the local station used by this parsimonious Peer were struck by a bright idea, and one morning, when the nobleman had entered a third-class carriage on the London express, two particularly grimy chimney-sweeps were promptly ushered in after him, whereupon he at once left the carriage and proceeded towards the booking-office. The officials grinned with delight at the supposed success of their stratagem, but their triumph was short-lived, for his lordship purchased two first-class tickets, gracefully handed them to the sweeps, invited the latter worthies to descend from the carriage, saw them safely ensconced in a first-class compartment, and then once more installed himself in his beloved "third."

Policemen's Dusters.

Policemen at High Wycombe have received as part of their equipment dusters with which to erase the literary and artistic effusions of little boys on walls and pavements.

Eighteen Miles of Sausages.

According to calculations made by a German statistician, the sausages consumed at a certain beer and eating house in Munich during eleven days would, placed end to end, extend to a distance of 30,000 metres, or 18 miles.

"Rats."

It can rain rats in Algeria. At least it did so in the Beni-Ismael region, thousands of them being showered among the affrighted population during a recent cyclone. Hundreds are said to have been impaled on the spiked palisade fencing in the Kabyle Gardens.

Wholesale Poisoning.

Numerous official personages in Teheran have recently fallen victims to poison. It is believed some secret society is at work. The drinking water has been poisoned; but in most instances the poison has been conveyed in the sweets that everyone eats so freely in Persia.

Picture Tells Time.

An amusing story is told of the late Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A. It is that one afternoon, in his studio, someone asked the veteran what the time was. "Twenty past four," said Mr. Cooper, without looking up. "How do you know so accurately?" asked the visitor. The painter turned round slowly and looked reproachfully at his friend, as he replied: "Do you think I don't know how long it takes to paint a cow as far as that? I began it at two fifteen."

"The Same as Yourself."

Judge A. M. Kelly used to relate that, while on the bench in the International Court at Cairo, after a witness, whose nationality was a puzzle, had been addressed in French, Spanish, German, Portuguese, Italian, and Arabic, and failed to make any response except to indicate by shaking his head that he did not understand, Judge Kelly turned to a brother judge, and remarked *sotto voce*: "I wonder what language the idiot speaks." "The same as yourself, yer honour," came from the witness in the broadest Tipperary brogue.

The Traveller's "Smoke."

There has just been issued by the French Director-General of Customs a circular which fixes for the first time the exact quantities of tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes which may be introduced into France by passengers for their own use free of duty. The quantities so allowed to be introduced are thirty cigars or fifty cigarettes, or one hectogramme (3½ ounces) of tobacco. If these quantities are exceeded duty is, in future, to be levied only on the amount exceeding the quantity allowed to be introduced free.

Remember the Baker.

At the Court of Assizes in Venice, when sentence of death is about to be passed, a man clothed in a long black robe enters the court, and advancing to the bench bows profoundly to the judges, saying: "Remember the baker!" Then he bows again and retires. Here is the explanation of the custom. Three centuries ago a baker was executed at Venice for a crime of which he was not guilty. When his innocence was fully proved, the judges who condemned him invested a sum of money, the interest on which serves to keep a lamp perpetually lighted in the Palace of the Doges, this being called the "Lamp of Expiation." In addition, their fatal mistake has for three hundred years been held up as a warning to their successors on the bench when they are about to inflict the extreme penalty of the law.

She'd Boiled the Prayer Book.

Some years ago a thrifty old cottager, named Bethia Rummy, attended service every Sunday morning at the little church of St. Elsevir, distant some two miles from her cottage, on a hillside in Derbyshire. As regular in her provision for temporal wants as she was in attendance to spiritual necessities, her custom was to place a piece of bacon in a pot near the fire to be ready cooked against her return. Then, with her big prayer-book wrapped in a snowy handkerchief, Bethia trudged on to St. Elsevir's. One Sunday, however, she came late and flustered to her usual place, just in front of the reading desk, and, to her vicar's astonishment, remarked, as she unfolded the snowy handkerchief: "Lawk a daisy me! If I haven't biled the prayer-book and brought the bacon to church!"

Scottish Halfpennies.

Everybody is familiar with the name "bawbee," applied to the Scotch halfpenny, but to few does it bring the association of a baby queen and a loyal people. Those who meet with the word in their reading do not often stop to ask how it came to be applied. It appears that the first attempt at the portraiture of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was made in her infancy, and her small face was engraved upon the Scottish halfpennies at the time of her coronation in 1543, when she was but nine months old. A number of these small coins are still preserved, and it will be easily understood how the name "bawbee" or baby, came to be given to the coin bearing the effigy of the baby. The halfpenny of Scotland is still commonly called the bawbee, although the baby face no longer appears on it.

A Curious Swiss Festival.

A curious triennial festival has just taken place in the small Swiss town of Langnau. It is the so-called women's prize-shooting (Weiberschützenfest); but let no "new woman" imagine that women shoot for the prize. The name simply implies that no male competitor for prize is admitted unless he be accompanied by a woman. Thus every would-be prize-man brings his wife, sweetheart, or daughters; and it is said that, although the ladies play only a passive part, they look forward to the occasion with even greater pleasure than the men. The organising committee receive the ladies with marked honour, give them coffee and cake, make them walk in procession with the men, and at the end of a long day's entertainment provides them with a supper followed by a dance. The honoured guest is the woman who is the mother of the largest number of future prize-shooters. After this, let no one say that in Switzerland the equality of the sexes is as yet a mere dream.

A Book Worth Having.

A series of new volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is being issued, and the first one is now on sale. It contains a mass of information, most of which is from the pens of experts on the subjects dealt with. Full particulars may be obtained from the Encyclopædia Department at the offices of the Tames Printing House Square, London, E.C.

Veneered Diamonds.

An enormous trade is now done in imitation jewels, which are made by many clever processes. "Veneered diamonds" are among the latest things of the sort. A paste is made of real diamond dust and acid. This is rolled out into very thin sheets, cut to the proper shape, and cemented firmly upon a piece of clear glass of the requisite form.

An Old Boat.

In County Mayo, Ireland, a wooden boat, believed to be nearly 2,000 years old, was recently dug up by some labourers. The boat, beautifully carved from the trunk of a tree, is of oak, forty-six feet long, and in a perfect state of preservation. So hard is the wood that the hatchets of the men scarcely left an impression. Provision will be made to receive the relic in the Dublin Museum.

American Sailors' Pay.

As an illustration of the difference in wages on American and foreign vessels, the following example is cited by the British Consul at Philadelphia:—The pay roll (excluding master) of 380 men on the steamship *St. Louis* is £2,260; of 427 men on the British *Oceanic*, £1,980; and of 500 men on the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, £1,543. The German is the fastest steamship; the American is the smallest.

Splendid Isolation.

A captain in the "King's Naves" is something of a floating Crusoe. The ward-room constitutes a mess where man meets man on terms of equality, but the captain is an isolated being. Even when he comes on deck he is severely alone unless he calls someone to him. This is all conducive to the majesty of the Crown which he is supposed to represent, but it makes things a little lonely for the captain.

London Doctors' Names.

A correspondent has been making investigations with regard to the surnames having the same initial in the "London" section of the Medical Directory for 1902. He finds that the most frequent initials stand in the following order: B, 701; S, 567; M, 568; H, 514; C, 503; and W, 481 names. These initials thus account for 3,354 names out of 6,292, so that one out of every two medical persons in London bears a family name with one of the above six initials. The most infrequent initials are: V, with forty-six names; Y, with twenty-five; I, with nineteen; U, with nine; Q, with five; and Z, with two; while X does not occur.

Nine-tenths of the Law.

There are times when differences of rank do not count and an Irish soldier is said to have chanced upon one of them during the late war in Cuba. He was discovered by the sergeant of his company in a hole, well out of the way of even a stray shot, when he should have been engaged in active service. "Get out of that hole!" commanded the sergeant sternly. "Get out of it this minute!" The broad Irish face looked up at him with stubborn resistance written on every feature. "You may be me superior officer," he said boldly, "but all the same, Oi'm the wan that found this hole fir-st!"

The Small Boys' Newspaper.

Considering that the ordinary school curriculum does not satisfy the small boy's thirst for knowledge, a newspaper, entitled *Den Hauzwurm* (The Private Tutor) has been started in Berlin to supply the want. The paper is to be a weekly journal for intellectual intercourse with children, and it proclaims its prime object to be the elucidation of current politics and social questions in a language which children of seven or eight years of age can easily follow! Among the subjects announced for treatment are: Commercial treaties and corn duties, the American Steel Trusts, the Leipzig Bank crash, mortgages on house property, and life insurance, and assistance is promised with Latin preparation.

Courting in Holland.

Holland is a place where primitive customs abound. Traditions are sacredly handed down and observed, and this veneration for ancient things has kept alive in the country what are known as courting Sundays. Throughout Holland the four Sundays of November are kept as fête days. They are named severally Review, Decision, Purchase, and Possession Sundays. On Review Sunday every one goes to church, and after service there is a church parade, when all the young men and maidens look at each other but forbear speaking. On Decision Sunday each would-be benedict approaches the maiden of his choice with a ceremonious bow, and from her response judges whether he is acceptable as a suitor or not. On Purchase Sunday the consent of parents and guardians is sought, if the wooing during the week has been happy. Possession Sunday witnesses the first appearance of the various lovers before the world as actual or prospective brides and bridegrooms.

Bell-Ringing at the Coronation.

Needless to say all the church bells will be set a-ringing on Coronation Day. At certain ancient churches, notably St. Margaret's, Westminster, certain definite fees are claimed by the bell-ringers on these historic occasions. It is recorded in the old church registers that the ringers received 5s. at the coronation of George IV., whereas for performing the same function at the crowning of William and Mary, their remuneration was only a shilling! The bells of St. Margaret's have rung on many memorable occasions other than coronations. For example: "For ringing at the beheading of Queen of Scots" the bellmen received a shilling. The churchwardens' accounts also embrace the following entries: (1605) "Paid the ringers at the time when the Parliament House should be blown up, 15s."; (1610) "for ringing when the fireworks were made, 5s."—the first mention of fireworks, it is believed; (1637) "to the ringers on the day when the Prince of Orange was contracted to the Lady Mary, 15s."



Mr. P. Doublyou Superintends the Running of "The Cecpole" for a Day.

"I WANT you to manage the Cecpole Hotel for a day," said the Chief, as I crawled into his presence. "You remember you stayed there on the day you did what you liked."

"I've fixed it all up for you," he continued, rapidly. "Here's the card. You'll have to be there at 6.30 a.m., for your work will begin at six. I expect you'll be finished about midnight, so you'll have plenty of time between then and nine o'clock on the following morning to write an account of your work. That will do!"

There was no help for it, and, at the appointed time on the following morning, I presented myself at the office of the hotel and made ready to begin the duties, into which I had been slightly initiated during the course of the preceding evening.

The first thing I had to do was to look round at my staff in order to see that all were in their places. Certain members of the hotel staff have to be under-studied, as in the case of the principal members of a theatrical company; if one of these were absent from any cause, it would tend to upset the smooth working of the business, so that it is necessary to have someone in reserve who can take his place. Luckily, I had no provision of that nature to make, and was able to start fair.

I was glad to find that all the heads of my staff were at hand; I was anxious to do the thing properly, and have no trouble with any section of the 1,000 or so of people working under me in various capacities, which might have been the case if any section were controlled by a deputy.

I ATTEND TO CORRESPONDENCE.

A detachment of a dozen charwomen begin work at 2 a.m., and keep at it till six; and there is trouble if the manager notices anything wrong. It was so novel an experience to be in command of anybody bigger than an office boy, that I at first felt the temptation to make things lively just for the fun of it—as the Editor does. My only regret was that he was not a charwoman or a waiter.

Having started the routine of the day, and personally assured myself that breakfasts were going on swimmingly, I retired to my not-too-luxuriously appointed office, and ordered breakfast; but a hotel manager doesn't have his half-hour free for the matutinal meal, like a labourer. It was past 8 o'clock, and the postman had deposited his load of trouble in the manager's office. I had to dive into this as I proceeded with my breakfast.

I first got through the inquiries for rooms and terms, and the firm orders for accommodation. I made inquiries and jotted down brief notes on the letters, handing them to a clerk to write, and bring to me for signature. Then came the class which I call "Complaints and Losses." One man wrote for a small pen-knife which he was positive he had left in Room 542; it was not the value of the article that made him so anxious to recover it, but the endearing associations. And, presumably suspecting that a chambermaid might have appropriated it, he hinted that the honesty of servants was not unquestionable, and that I should not fail to make rigorous search, if it were not found in the drawer. It was discovered under the mattress—a miserable thing with one of the two blades broken. It was forwarded to him.

I INTERVIEW THE HOUSEKEEPER.

"Please send my razor stop by return of post," wrote another individual. "My slippers were forgotten yesterday in packing, and I will thank you to forward them without delay." came from a lady. A watch carelessly left under the pillow, a diamond pin left sticking in the cloth on a chest of drawers, and all sorts of articles were inquired for, and in every solitary instance the writers ignored the question of postage, while only two apologised for the trouble they were giving by their carelessness and neglect. Yet all of them would not hesitate to go for a manager for the slightest oversight in the rush of business.

I next announced myself as ready to receive the manageress, or housekeeper, who wished to make her usual report, and to present her list of necessary repairs and cleanings. Having disposed of that, I thought I had settled her, but she had another list to present—that of articles required to replenish the stock shelves. It is not a light task to keep up the proper supply and quality of the linen for an hotel with accommodation for 800 to 900 guests. 4,000 sheets, 6,000 pillow cases, 1,500 counterpanes, 8,000 towels, 2,000 blankets, besides a reserve for extra cold weather, 5,000 napkins, and 1,000 table-cloths, not including the kitchen and bar linen, form only part of the stock.

My next duty was to take the list of special repairs—a broken sash-cord, a cracked window, a stopped-up pipe, and a leaking tap—and give instructions to one

or other of the regular army of carpenters, plumbers, painters and others, to see that these repairs were carried out. It was while attending to those matters that I discovered that a regular system of continual spring cleaning was in force; every room in the great building is taken to pieces and thoroughly "turned out" twice a year, so that the hotel manager has to suffer from chronic room-cleaning.

During my interview with the manageress, and a hasty visit to one of the bedrooms for an inspection of the chest of drawers that had been broken by a guest who had dined a trifle too well, a number of cards had been handed in, and I learnt that a whole army of importunate commercial travellers was waiting for me. The representative of the Only Soap, the best mustard, a grower of mushrooms, all wanted orders; a discourager of chills desired to contract for the supply of coal for the coming winter; a patent window-fastener, a novel and handy fire-escape, and a multitude of other things, ornamental or useful, or both, or neither, wanted to get at me.

MYSELF, TWO GUESTS, AND A DOG.

I had just cleared off the last of these individuals when the housekeeper came in to report that a lady and gentleman, who had taken rooms the day before, had got a dog with them, against the rules. This dog was the kind of bow-wow with woolly hair that usually leaves its surplus coat on the carpet wherever it goes. It takes a chambermaid about half-a-day to get the hairs out of the room afterwards. I had to tell them that they must either send the dog downstairs to be kennelled, or patronise another hotel; husband and wife were magnificently indignant and finally left the building, with the remark: "Where Fido cannot go, we don't go!"

I settled another case of similar "insult," and then the housekeeper came again. A lady in Room 75 was doing her own laundry work in her apartment; she had a length of twine stretched across the room, and was using an exaggerated quantity of water. Of course, I politely asked the lady to desist, and was informed with great haughtiness that it was all wrong, and that she was only rinsing a silk handkerchief, but I was satisfied that she really had been washing stockings and various other articles of attire.

I VISIT THE LAUNDRY.

Then I had to go round the kitchen floor and see if all was going right for the luncheons, after which I took a look-in at the laundry, where about 5,000 pieces of flat work are done every day, as well as a goodly pile of other work.

I shut myself resolutely in my office for a solid twenty minutes in order to get a bite; otherwise I should have had no lunch. My hurried breakfast had nearly brought on an attack of indigestion. It was time to make a thorough inspection of the building, so I went from bottom to top, examining the work of repairs and generally overseeing things, concluding with a scramble along the roof to inquire how the plumber was getting on with his task of stopping a hole.

During the afternoon I had to examine the menus of other hotels, obtained through printers and in other ways, in order to glean ideas for my own card. Then came dinner time.

DINNER TIME WORRIES ME.

This is the maddest time in the day; everybody wants attending to at once. Some are going to the theatre, others are due elsewhere; a certain number of people are dissatisfied with everything on the bill, and want a chop, or steak, with *pommes soufflées*, or something that takes time, and they grumble at being kept waiting. A manager must have a level head and a lot of experience to go through without turning a hair. I am sure that several of my hairs turned—white.

A short lull followed and I had dinner. Then I had to attend to certain details of accounts, settle the question of stock for the morrow, give all kinds of instructions necessary for properly beginning business on the following day, and—then it was nearly midnight!

It was my duty to sleep in the hotel till six o'clock, when I was to be relieved, and I turned in with a sigh of relief. I estimated that I should have six hours' rest, but I was called up at two o'clock to send for a doctor, and supervise the resuscitation of a guest who had tried to strangle himself. It was three o'clock before I retired again, and I slept till midday, when I hurried away in order to escape the reporters who wanted full details.

TEACHER (showing off his pupils): "Now, Johnny, tell us how the earth is divided."
Johnny (vivaciously): "By earthquakes, sir."

THE FAIR ONE: "I suppose you will marry, though when the golden opportunity offers, won't you?"
The Cautious One: "It will depend upon how much gold there is in the opportunity."

GENTLEMAN: "May I offer you my umbrella, miss?"

Lady: "Thank you, I don't think these few rain-drops will do much damage."

Gentleman: "Then, perhaps you'll allow me to accompany you until it commences to come down harder."

DERBYS THAT MADE PEOPLE TALK.

When Horses have been Poisoned and Decapitated, and when Rank Outsiders have Won.

THE Derby of 1844 was the most sensational in the history of horse racing. The winner, whose name was stated to be Running Rein, turned out to be a substitute, a most remarkable fraud having been committed. The impudent imposture was discovered with the result that the Jockey Club awarded the race to Orlando.

Another scandal in connection with the race was that the second favourite, Ratan, was poisoned by some dastards on the eve of the race. The foul crime broke the heart of Ratan's owner, who died shortly afterwards.

Yet another scandal was that of Leander, a horse which was shot and buried as the result of an accident, which was stated to have occurred just before the race. A party of sportsmen, who suspected that something shady was going on, dug up the body at the dead of night, and discovered that it was without a head, that is, without the part that would have proved the committal of a base fraud.

With the exception of the last two Derbys no horse ever started a hotter favourite than did Mr. James Merry's Macgregor in the race of 1870. No other horse seemed to have a chance, yet a wretched horse, Kingcraft, won, and the favourite finished fourth.

Undoubtedly Macgregor was poisoned by some scoundrels. The bookmakers netted hundreds of thousands of pounds by Kingcraft's victory, but the outrage could not be brought home to any of them. The Scottish owner of Macgregor was the victim of the scoundrels a second time, when his horse Sunshine was poisoned.

Some Derby losses are enormous. A notable example is the case of the last Marquis of Hastings. In order to meet his heavy losses incurred at the Derby of 1867, he was obliged to sacrifice his splendid Scottish estates for £300,000. On that race he lost £103,000, and he lost another £50,000 shortly afterwards. At the following Derby he was a defaulter to the extent of £40,000, and he died in the same year a wretched, shattered, ruined invalid, of twenty-six years of age, having lost hundreds of thousands of pounds over the Derby.

The Derby of 1867 was won by Mr. Henry Chaplin's Hermit, the most sensational winner on record. This horse broke a blood vessel not long before the event. At the time of the race no jockey's name appeared opposite the horse's name. To cap all the race was run in a blinding snowstorm.

Hermit was the rankest outsider. Nobody ever thought of it as a possible winner, yet it won. Never was there such a Derby. Scarcely a sound was heard as the result was announced that Hermit, the despised, had won by a neck. Hundreds were ruined, but Mr. Chaplin secured a rich haul.

Jeddah, the winner of the 1898 Derby, started at greater odds even than Hermit, but the race was not so sensational. The odds against Hermit were sixty-six to one, those against Jeddah were a hundred to one, so poor its chances were considered.

Another sensational Derby was that of 1865, when Count La Grange's Gladiateur won. The news of the victory of the French horse was received in France in the most extravagant manner.

In Normandy, sheep and oxen were roasted whole, and cider flowed like water. The English were beaten, and beaten at their national sport, on their own ground, and by the French. Hence the rejoicings. America was the jubilant nation when Iroquois won in 1881. However, Iroquois was of English blood.

Three years later the race ended in a dead heat between Harvester and St. Gatien.

Two Derby winners had the extraordinary distinction that they had never run in public before the day they gained the Blue Riband. Neither ever ran again. One of them, Amato, has a splendid tomb among the beautiful woods of the Durdans; the other was the chestnut colt Middleton.

These two horses share with the immortal Eclipse the honour of never having been beaten.

Only four owners have ever carried off the Blue Riband three times. These were John Gully, Sir Joseph Hawley, the Duke of Westminster, and Lord Rosebery. John Gully, butcher, bruiser, publican, bookmaker, owner of racehorses, Member of Parliament for Pontefract, colliery proprietor, millionaire, and fine old English gentleman, won a quarter of a million at the 1854 Derby.

Lord Rosebery was successful in 1894 with Ladas; in 1895 with St. Visto, and yet again in 1899 with Flying Fox. As regards jockeys, Fred Archer's record is unsurpassed. He rode five Derby winners, and was placed three times in addition.

The other two classic races are the Two Thousand Guineas, and the St. Leger. Since the first Derby was run, over 120 years ago, but eight horses have proved themselves equal to the task of obtaining all the honours. The first was the French horse, then followed Lord Lyon, Ormonde, Common, Isinglass, and Galtee More.

Lord Rosebery's Flying Fox succeeded in 1899. In 1900 the great distinction went to our King, then the Prince of Wales, of course, whose horse, Diamond Jubilee, carried his colours to victory in the three great races. The King has won the Derby twice; first with Persimmon in 1896, and then with Diamond Jubilee in 1900.



Why Yorkshire is Champion

Points for Some Other Counties to Note Well.

BY A TYKE.

THE question now agitating all good cricketers for the coming season, apart from the Australian eleven's visit, is "Will Yorkshire show the great supremacy over other counties that she has done during the past few years?"

This question is not, of course, one to which an absolutely definite answer can be given when the season has only just begun, but there can be hardly any doubt that Yorkshire will again be well to the front, and will take no small amount of beating. Most critics believe that she will be even stronger than heretofore, seeing that Mr. F. S. Jackson has returned, and will play regularly for Yorkshire. For, though Mr. Mitchell will not often play—and his loss is not a small one—yet nobody will contend that Mr. Jackson is not a greater power than even Mr. Mitchell, seeing that besides being one of the finest and safest bats in England, Mr. Jackson is not to be despised as a bowler upon occasion, and is always reckoned one of the most brilliant fielders of a particularly brilliant fielding team.

What has made Yorkshire such a wonderful cricket team—a team that has only lost one county match for nearly three years? It is no single thing that has done it, but a combination of several.

I should be inclined to class the reasons under four special heads as follows: (1) Yorkshire's wide area of choice, and capital variety of grounds; (2) Its system of getting together the eleven; (3) Its methods of retaining and governing the eleven; (4) The personnel of the team.

Let us look at these various heads. As regards the first one. Yorkshire has, it is true, a wider area to choose from than any other county, though I do not put the importance upon this that the casual critic may be inclined to do. Lincoln and Devon have very wide areas, but they cannot raise even a moderate second-rate team, let alone a first-class one.

GROUND DOESN'T TROUBLE TYKES.

The second point, Yorkshire's great range of county grounds, is, to my mind, much more significant. Its county team gets so used to playing upon all kinds of turf, in all combinations of weather and pitch, that the men can be relied on to make a decent fight under almost any circumstances where another average good team would wholly fail.

Leeds provides them with a very large ground, where the big hits have to be run out, since the boundaries are far off; Bradford, on the other hand, has short boundaries, and so the Tykes get used to both conditions. Harrogate provides an occasional "fiery" pitch, and Sheffield has a ground that is equally bad, and is noted for its vagaries after rain or bad weather. A nice sticky wicket can be found at Dewsbury when "required," and a billiard-like pitch at Hull affords pretty games at the seaport town now and then.

When Surrey are on the matchless pitch at the Oval they are usually all right; when they are off it, they often do "get off!" At Old Trafford, Lancashire take some beating; but they seldom, if ever, play anywhere else in their county, and so fail to "understand" certain states of the wickets they meet with in other towns beyond it. Middlesex do not find every ground like Lord's, and seem often somewhat surprised thereat. But to Yorkshiremen these things make little difference, for, as Mr. C. B. Fry once said, "It matters little to them, comparatively, whether they are playing on a billiard-pitch, or whether the ground is a sea of mud!"

STRICT DISCIPLINE IS MAINTAINED.

With regard to No. 2. Yorkshire's executive takes immense pains in getting hold of likely colts, and in training them. Lord Hawke, and other members of the Yorkshire committee, visit any small ground or club where there is a man who is making a name for himself in any department of the game, and if he, in their view, promises well, he is transferred to one of the county grounds and well coached. He is paid during such time, so that he has little anxiety in a matter which seriously affects some colts of other counties. He is not dismissed if he does not show immediate prospect of glory to come; but he is given a fair trial of often three years or more. By this he gains both confidence and experience, and seldom does such a man, once really put into the regular county team, have to be afterwards summarily dismissed for "not coming off."

No. 3. Yorkshire keeps its eleven well intact. The men have not only no incentive to go elsewhere to "better themselves"—they all strain every nerve to stop in such a good place as the Yorkshire eleven. They

get five pounds a match during the season, with an additional pound for each match won; they get talent money, and a special bonus for any remarkable feat they perform individually on the field; they get about £2 each week from September to March—splendid this, eh?—on condition that they report themselves at certain times at the county grounds as "fit and well," to keep which they have to be in regular training during the winter by various athletic exercises; and they get the final "benefit," seldom worth less than a couple of thousand pounds! No wonder that they "keep in form," with such prizes before them. No wonder that vacancies in the team come so seldom.

And, if the Yorkshire committeemen treat the players so generously and well, they are yet severe when need demands. Discipline in the team is simply above all praise. The captain has a master eye; no good point is overlooked, but no bad one is allowed to pass without warning. If, as indeed seldom happens, such warning is not enough, more drastic measures are taken. Instances of this may be recalled, if one thinks; they are happily rare. But the Yorkshire player knows that, whilst Lord Hawke is a thorough gentleman and sportsman, a true friend, he has an iron hand beneath the velvet glove. And the professional honours the great captain who refuses to see any difference between amateur and professional when playing, and insists that they should lunch together, and come out of the same door on to the field of play.

THERE IS NO "TAIL."

No. 4. The personnel of the team is so magnificent. There is no tail; the last two men are just as likely to put seventy or eighty on the score as are the first two. And Yorkshire has all kinds of bowlers; at least seven of the team can bowl if required, and bowl well, though, of course, only three or four pretend to be bowlers at all. But those three or four! Think of them! Rhodes, Hirst, Haigh, and Jackson. What a quartette! Then Yorkshire is blessed with two splendid wicket-keepers of the highest class; if Hunter is unwell or hurt, there is Mr. T. L. Taylor ready to take the gloves.

And every variety of batsman is there. Jackson, the brilliant; Brown, the smiter; Tunncliffe, the steady; Taylor, "safe as houses" on any kind of wicket; Hirst, the "good-for-anything" fellow; and Wainwright, who always "chips in" just when all before him have failed. They take some getting out, these eleven men; you, as their opponents, feel safest when you see the tenth wicket fall.

Then—the fielding! After all, this is where Yorkshire has the great pull in any match, and knocks the other counties into fits. "You watch, sir," said one of last year's Oxford team to me, as we sat at Lord's watching Yorkshire play, "you watch how many balls that would go to the boundary, fair and straight, against any other team, are stopped by those Yorkshiremen! Let us count for an hour all such as we both agree upon would probably have passed all other county teams."

TYKES ARE GREAT FIELDERS.

We did so. At the end of the hour we reckoned twelve hits had been stopped by Denton, Taylor, and Brown in the far field that would "dead certain" have passed any other men there of other teams.

"That saves thirty-six runs, sir!" said the Oxonian to me. "Instead of getting four for each of those hits the Middlesex men have only got one. I reckon—so do most of us at Oxford—that Yorkshire save at least seventy runs an innings that other teams would allow to pass. That is why nobody can beat them, sir. Let other counties field as well, and you'd soon see closer endings against Yorkshire!"

He was right. One more proof. Tunncliffe at slip last season caught sixty-nine men out for Yorkshire; the "record" previously for any one man's catches in a season, was, I believe, about thirty.

And last of all, their pluck. Yorkshiremen never know when they are beaten. They never give up hope and hard trying to win until the match is actually lost. They have "big hearts," indeed. No ill-success daunts Rhodes, their wonderful bowler: no lengthy stay at the wicket frightens Mr. Smith or Lord Hawke. And the biggest heart is in the least man, for, by popular consent, the prince of "good-plucked" Yorkshiremen is that splendid all-round cricketer, George Hirst, of whose praises no Tyke ever wearies. And the "finest all-round cricketer living, sir!"—as his Huddersfield friends tell you—most richly deserves it all. His will be the "record benefit" when it comes off, you bet, if weather and other circumstances be favourable.

THE POET'S WIFE: "Why, Freddy, how dirty you are, and only yesterday you wrote a verse for papa's birthday, promising always to keep your hands clean." "Well, mamma, that was only a poetic license."

"It is a pretty name," the impressionable traveller murmured; "but tell me, why do they call you Manita?"

There was an arch smile on the savage maiden's face.

"Evidently," she said, as she signalled to her brothers who were concealed in the brush with clubs, "you do not know our favourite food."

WHEN KINGS GET THEIR CROWNS.

Richard I. was Stripped at his Own Coronation.

At all coronations, old and new, there are to be found queer customs and quaint observances, which, in view of the approaching coronation of King Edward VII., are particularly interesting.

How few of us have been aware that the "chairing" of the victor in a competition, or the successful candidate at an election, is but a survival of the ancient coronation ceremony of the warlike tribes of Germany, who, when they chose a king, hoisted him on a large shield, and carried him in triumphal procession.

It is worthy of note, too, in this connection, that, to show their independence, the Germans of that day used to play practical jokes on their sovereign, and endeavour to upset him by shaking the shield.

To-day Germans have given up such humorous procedure.

One of the first genuine royal coronations in this country was in A.D. 785, when Prince Egbert, the son of Offa, King of Mercia, was "hallowed to king" by his father. Of what form the ceremony consisted no details are given, and even of the coronation of Judith, a French princess, on her marriage with Æthelwulf in 856, the information forthcoming is decidedly meagre. As a matter of fact, not until the time of William the Conqueror did our old chroniclers consider coronations worth noting at any length.

At William the Norman's crowning, the question: "Will ye have this prince to be your King?" was answered by the people with such loud shouts, that the Norman garrison in the city, thinking the English had revolted, were so alarmed that they immediately began setting houses on fire, without making any further investigation.

While William, who heard the tumult, sat trembling at the foot of the altar, the people forgot all about the coronation, and rushed out of the church; the English hastening to stop the fire, the Normans bent on plunder.

There was, perhaps, more excitement, at a less cost, about the old coronations, than is to be found in more modern ones, and the loss of life in this instance, was comparatively trifling to that fearful disaster at the coronation of the present Tsar of all the Russias.

The Tsar, on being crowned, was anointed practically just as he stood; our Richard I. had to undergo a much less pleasant experience, for we find that the attendants stripped the monarch "to his trousers and shirt," even the latter being left open on account of the anointing.

On this occasion the ceremony was marred by a sanguinary riot. Richard had issued an edict prohibiting any Jew from entering the church during the coronation. A Jew, however, having effected an entrance was struck in the face. Things then assumed a serious aspect, a tumult arose, and eventually Richard was compelled to issue a proclamation before tranquility was restored.

When, in 1236, Henry III. married "the Lady Eleanor," the citizens of London bore three hundred and three score cups of gold and silver "afore her" at the coronation "solemn wise," and after the ceremony the citizens served out wine in the cups "to everie one in great plentie," and "nothing was wanted that could be wished."

At the coronation of Edward I. there were "let go at libertie (catch them that catch might) five hundred great horses" by Alexander, King of Scots, and others who did homage.

Richard II., on being crowned, caused certain water conduits to run with wine "for the space of three hours together," and in the "upper end of Chere" a "certain castle with four towers" gushed forth divers kinds of wine all day long, "neither was anie forbidden were he never so poor."

This delightful state of things, however, probably reached a climax when Henry IV. was crowned.

In Cheapside and other thoroughfares there were wine fountains "running perpetually" and dispensing white wines and red to all and sundry.

Edward IV. was crowned on February 20th, 1546, and on that day, as the king passed "Paule's Churchyard" an Argosie came down from the battlements of "Paule's Church" on a cable, and tumbled.

Queen Mary went one better than this, however, for during her coronation procession, Peter, a Dutchman, stood on the weathercock of "Paule's steeple" and "cut antics." Peter, by-the-way, received for this feat, "sixteen poundes, thirteen shillings, and four pence, for his costes, and paines, and all his stuffe."

Not a bad engagement.

A Prize of £1,000

is well worth winning. If you are a man it would enable you to buy a business of your own. If you are a girl it would mean a nice dowry when you are married. It is just possible that neither of you knows for what position in life you are best fitted, in which case you cannot do better than send a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope, to

RAMES,
32 Pearson's Buildings,
Henrietta Street,
London, W.C.

and you will then receive an accurate delineation of your character.

"Shanghaied."

See Captain Kettle's latest adventure in the June PEARSON'S.

"As a Man Sows."

POWERFUL
SERIAL.

Beware the woman with ruddy hair,
For her hate is red, and she weaveth a snare
That spelleth woe to Malyon's heir.

Extract from a document in the possession of
the Malyon family.

By the author of
"Fettered Lives."

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

SIR ROYLE MALYON.

A proud aristocrat. He disinherits his son because of his behaviour, and on the latter's assurance that he is unmarried, he cuts the entail of the estates for a spot of money.

LADY MALYON.

His second wife, whom he met abroad. Gilbert recognises her as being concerned in La Maison Rouge Mystery—a murder in Normandy.

GILBERT MALYON (alias Geoffrey Marsh).

Sir Royle's son, a reprobate who lived under the name of Geoffrey Marsh. He is killed in revenge by Luke Riordan.

GRACE MARSH.

The wife of Geoffrey Marsh (Gilbert Malyon). She does not know her husband's real name. He leaves her with their child at Vilneux, a seaside village in Normandy.

JACK HALWARD.

A former fiancé of Grace. Gilbert Malyon dies in his arms and with his last words asks him to care for his wife and child.

REUBEN GRIMWOOD.

Sir Royle's secretary, and a very unscrupulous man. After Gilbert's death he obtains certain papers containing proofs of the existence of Gilbert's son, who is therefore heir to the estates. With these he threatens Lady Malyon (who also has a baby son, for which reason she hated Gilbert as being his father's heir), and so obtains a hold on her.

BARTHOLOMEW BOOTE.

Grimwood's brother. He keeps a curiosity shop in London, but is really an accomplished scoundrel.

LUKE RIORDAN.

A gipsy, to whose sister Gilbert Malyon had been untrue. On this account he murders Gilbert.

MARGARET HOLT (Flash Meg).

A thief and decoy in Boote's service. She is in love with Halward. In spite of her profession, she is really a good woman at heart.

JONAS GRIDE.

A money-lending solicitor who knows of Gilbert Malyon's dual identity.

SETH SCARFIELD.

A deformed cripple and cobbler. He had secretly loved Nell Riordan, and used to sit by her grave at night.

CHARBONNEL.

A celebrated French detective to whom is intrusted the solution of La Maison Rouge Mystery.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Jack Halward Sets out for Pinchbeck Lane.

The lamplight was full upon Jack Halward's face. The one man, to win whose respect Flash Meg would have given her life, had caught her red-handed in the act of theft! Only a little while ago, when her desperate "back-up-against-the-wall" mood was upon her, she had told herself that it would make no difference, one way or the other, what she did. She was nothing to him, never could be anything. He would never know! And now, like some horrible nightmare, the drunken man had become suddenly sober, and transformed into the man she loved. She was face to face with her conscience—a human, flesh and blood conscience!

It was a moment of dramatic, almost tragic, intensity. Recognition had been mutual—almost simultaneous. He had already taken back the watch-chain, and relaxed hold of one of her wrists. She saw the stern, cold expression on the strong face—it seemed altered somehow—change to one of utter, incredulous surprise. The look in the grey eyes stabbed her like a knife. She dropped her head. The grip on her other wrist was relaxed.

For a moment, the moment when, the woman flinging back her head defiantly, the lamplight revealed the beautiful, grey, desperate face of Margaret Holt, Halward had fancied that the giddiness, still upon him, was playing tricks with his vision.

The fighting heroine of his adventure in an East-end slum, the woman whose unconventional, strong, but womanly character, as revealed to him then, and afterwards at Rushford, had deeply impressed him, and aroused his genuine admiration! Good God! And she was a thief, a woman who sneaked in dark corners, and waylaid drunken men! It was a downright staggering blow to him!

Flash Meg had taken a backward step. Her great hat shadowed her grey working features. Her tongue was tied, a momentary paralysis fettered her limbs. For the life of her she could not bring herself to speak. And she had only to speak, only to breathe a hint as to why she had tried to rob him—for the sake of an ailing, defenceless woman and her child, and Halward's broad mind would have forgotten the offence against social morals, and seen only the reckless, noble act of self-sacrifice! But she could not bring herself to speak, to plead, to try to excuse herself. An indefinable something tied her tongue!

"Ho, if only I knew where to find 'im, the bloke what's stole my sweet-heart's cart away; ho, if only I could git be'ind 'im, I'd give 'im a ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

Jim the Dandy was reeling along the narrow thoroughfare that led into the lane. Though the words, mumbled rather than sung, reached as far as Halward and Flash Meg, they fell on unheeding ears.

Halward took a forward step, and caught Flash Meg's wrist. "Look here," he whispered abruptly, strainedly, "I'm not

going to reproach you, blame you, or anything of that sort; but, for God's sake! make an effort, before it's too late, to break away from this sort of life. You've shown to me that you were made for something better. I'm not your judge; I don't know what's brought you to this; but I do know that you are meant for better things than this!"

The great hat still shadowed Flash Meg's beautiful grey face. Agony was upon it. The lips were quivering now; the dark eyes dimmed.

The lamplight still fell upon the two figures. Jim the Dandy, lurching along unsteadily and close to the wall, suddenly came to a standstill, and ceased mumbling his refrain. He had sighted the two figures; drunk as he was; but there was no mistaking Flash Meg's hat. The sight of it partially sobered him!

"Crikey!" he whispered, with a vicious oath, "but the bloke's with 'er! Lumme! Now, only let me git be'ind 'im!"

He was even better acquainted with the network of slums at the back of Pinchbeck Lane than Flash Meg. He hesitated for a moment. If only there were time to pass word through Rooker's Court, and summon some of his "pals" to his assistance—between 'em they'd give that bloke what for!

"Look here," went on Halward, in the same abrupt, strained tones, "it's not a question of what's just happened, but what's going to happen! A thing's done, and there's an end of it. You did what you did because you wanted money. You shall have it. You shall have enough to keep things going till you can see your way to get along without it; then you can pay it back. God meant you to play a strong, good part in the world. You're going to do it yet. There's any amount of time and opportunity left to you. I don't want to preach, or patronise; but I want to see you do justice to your true self, and you're going to do it, what's more!"

A faint, choking sound came from beneath the great hat; the feathers shook, telling of a suppressed convulsion below, but still Flash Meg did not speak. Had he reproached her; upbraided her, she could have flared up, and it would, perhaps, have helped to relieve her desperate feelings; but he did not, he seemed to her more splendid than ever! Yet still Flash Meg could find no words; she could only swallow at the lump in her throat that seemed to be growing bigger every minute.

After hesitating for a moment, Jim the Dandy turned round, and lurched back unsteadily, but silently, to where a narrow way gave entrance to the courts and slumland behind the lane. Once in the entrance, he quickened up.

"If only I can git together a few of the boys, we'll give 'im what for! Teach 'im a lesson 'e won't forget in an 'urry, that'll make 'im think twice before 'e goes after another feller's gal again!"

"And look here," Halward was talking again, he had relaxed hold of her wrist now. "I—I'm a man, and am not particularly well up in the ways of your sex; but I know it's often a very difficult business for a person to suddenly alter their way of life. But if you cared to—"

He paused for a moment.

"This isn't the best place in the world for conversation. Is there anywhere handy where we could have a quiet talk?"

"Look here!" Flash Meg was speaking for the first time. Her voice was so low that it was scarcely audible. Her face was still hidden beneath the shadow of her great hat. "What's the use? You've—you've come along too late into my life! You spoke to me just now as few would have spoken, and I thank you for that, I thank you for that—and for keeping back your hand, and not sending for the police. But it's too late, and I haven't time to talk now—there's somebody that's ill who's waiting for me. God knows I'd have sooner died than have what's happened to-night happen!"—she choked a little—"But there, you know me for what I am now, and there's—there's a finish to it. And now your way lies one way, and mine another!"

She scarcely seemed to know what she was saying. It was all incoherent, broken, hopeless!

"Nonsense!" said Halward sharply. A sudden thought had flashed through his brain, inspired by the words—"There's somebody that's ill who's waiting for me." Was it possible that this someone who was ill was the reason for her attempted theft?

"Tell me!" he went on. "Was it for—"

He sprang forward—too late. Suddenly turning on her heels, Flash Meg had darted away, across the thoroughfare, and down a dark entrance on the other side. Halward reached it, then another attack of vertigo seized him! He reeled violently; supported himself against the wall!

"Confound it!" he muttered tensely. A few moments and the attack had passed, but it was hopeless to attempt to overtake her now.

"I believe she did it for someone else. I don't believe her to be bad at heart. And I might have given her a bit of a lift. It's a big mistake to judge too quickly. And now she's given me the slip. Confound it!"

Genuine regret was expressed on the plain face. He gave a sigh. He blamed himself. He had gone about matters the wrong way. He had bungled the business. If he had only shown a little more tact; but he was no good at that sort of thing, he told himself, as he moved back across towards the lamp. There were splendid traits in her character. They had been revealed to him that night of the fray, and he recalled 'Liza Tucker's account of how she had stood up to and fought a vagrant for ill-treating a little lad.

Thinking of these things as he moved slowly in the direction of Bartholomew Boote's shop, again he wondered if that someone who was ill was the reason of her attempted theft that evening. He was feeling dissatisfied with himself, feeling

that he had missed something. Then his thoughts returned to the object of his visit to Pinchbeck Lane.

He thrust the watch-chain, that was still in his hand, away into a trouser pocket. Most of the wretched little shops were closed. There was but little traffic through the lane after dark, except on Saturday nights. The furniture that stood outside Boote's shop by day had been stowed inside; but the shop was still open, and a gas-jet flared and flickered outside. Just before Halward passed beyond the radius of the lamp, a head peered round the corner, then another, immediately above the first.

"That's 'im!" whispered a voice. "Know 'im by 'is squash 'at! 'Ere, 'old 'ard a minute! Don't want nothink to 'appen too near the guv'nor's. A toff, I tells you! What gives another feller's gal presents, and not for nothink neither! I dessey 'e ain't come down 'ere with 'is pockets empty. 'Ere, one on yer jest go forward casual, so as not to lose sight of 'im. One whistle if 'e's comin' back, two if 'e's goin' out at the other end of the lane. Sneak away another feller's gal, eh?"

The gas-jet illumined the name on the board above the second-hand furniture shop. Halward glanced up. So this was Boote's place! It was characteristic of the directness of his character that he was promptly tempted to go into the shop with the view of finding Mr. Boote, and demanding of him, point-blank, what had become of Mrs. Marsh and her child, but he wisely overruled himself. It would only be giving the game away.

He glanced up and down rather hopelessly. He had to confess to himself that he was rather out of his element. He had come down there to find out all he could about Mr. Boote, and now that he was there he did not quite see his way how to set about it. Then it suddenly occurred to him what an invaluable ally Margaret Holt, who knew the neighbourhood, would have been to him. Here would have been scope for the pluck and resource that he knew her to possess. And it would have afforded her legitimate honourable scope. But the idea had come to him too late. He cast another glance at the shop, noticed the curtained windows above, and supposed that Mr. Boote lived there. Then he sauntered on. There was nothing pronounced or assuming about his clothes. If he came across a near public-house, he meant dropping in, in the hope of chancing across some thirsty individual of a communicative disposition.

"I'm afraid," he muttered grimly, "I'm not much of a hand at detective work; but if I come down here again, I'll try to give myself the appearance of an out-of-work tramp. This is a heaven-forsaken neighbourhood. The police don't seem to trouble much about it. What happened to Mrs. Geoffrey Marsh after she reached London with Boote? Was she packed off somewhere abroad again with the child, or did he bring them into this neighbourhood? I hope to Heaven—"

He clenched up his hands. The horror was growing upon him that perhaps what was being done now was being done too late!

A door of one of the low dark houses opened, and a man and a woman crept out stealthily. Though in the heart of the teeming East, there was an almost unnatural air of quiet in the immediate neighbourhood, that the perpetual hum from all sides seemed to accentuate.

Someone, who was coming along behind Halward, whistled twice, and, from the sounds of his footsteps, was slackening down to allow someone to catch him up.

At the far end of the lane Halward paused. Another narrow, badly-lighted thoroughfare ran at right angles. The melancholy hoot of a steamer told him that the river was close at hand.

"Funny!" he muttered, "but I don't see a sign of a public-house. Confound it! That giddiness again!"

He reached out for the wall and steadied himself. By rights he ought to have been in bed. Again he staggered like a drunkard, and came to a standstill.

And the tall, thin, slightly-stooping man, wearing a deer-stalker cap, and with a white scarf muffled up round the lower portion of his face, who was coming along the thoroughfare at right angles to the one in which Halward was standing, evidently took him to be drunk, for, as he neared, he gave him a wide berth, swerving away to the edge of the narrow pavement. Here, as at the other end, there was a lamp. In giving the corner a wide berth the slightly-stooping man had stepped right under the light.

Halward's sight had hazed a little; then cleared. The wave had passed over him very quickly this time. As he raised his eyes, the man crossing in front of him—he himself still in the lane—was almost directly opposite.

Halward dropped his head suddenly, and gave a violent lurch. No! Not another wave of vertigo; but this time acting, in the fervent hope that now he might be mistaken for a drunken man. His heart was playing a quick tune against his ribs.

It looked now as if his visit to Pinchbeck Lane might bear fruit, after all!

For all the down-pulled cap, the upturned collar, and the muffled lower face, Halward had recognised—more by the lines of his figure than anything else—the man who had crossed in front of him.

Reuben Grimwood. No need to ask the why and the wherefore of his being in that neighbourhood, with Bartholomew Boote's shop not a stone's throw away in the background!

Halward's whole vitality was terribly enfeebled, and it was only the man's masterful will that had kept him going so far; but the recognition of Reuben Grimwood acted upon

The secret crimes of a society woman are laid bare to the world in "The Confessions of Cynthia," which is a special feature of next week's SHORT STORIES.

his system like a tonic, bracing and toning him up. He set his teeth. There was something definite to be done now. Then he smiled a trifle grimly to himself as, still with one hand against the wall, he continued to sway to and fro. He meant to continue in the rôle of a drunken man—the part that had been thrust upon him by circumstance.

Halward lurched a step forward, and cleared the wall. He could just distinguish Grimwood's figure ahead. Something must be very much in the wind to have brought him down to see his confederate, he thought. If only the outcome of that night would be to furnish him with a clue to the whereabouts of Mrs. Marsh!

He was moving forward slowly when the figure ahead swung round a corner. Halward promptly quickened up, and reached the corner in time to see the figure vanish in the darkness of the narrow, lampless footway—it led round to the back of Boote's shop.

Round the corner that Halward had left, two heads were peering, one above the other.

"I say," whispered a husky voice, "strikes me that Flash Meg's fancy man's blind oh!"

"Old yer noise, can't yer? What's 'e a-doin' of now?"

"Blime! 'Ow can I see—from 'ere?"

"Looks to me as if he fancies it was bedtime, and was takin' off 'is boots! Law! But 'e'll be 'avin' a taste o' th' boot afore long!"

Halward was under no false impression that it was bedtime, but, as a matter of fact, he had removed his boots, and very smartly too, having slipped out a penknife and cut through the laces. If he meant to follow Grimwood up that narrow footway, and get close enough to see what he was up to, he must move practically silently. His boots off, he thrust them into his overcoat pocket, and, confident now in the silence of his footfall, plunged quickly into the darkness, straining his ears. The figure ahead had vanished.

"Hope to Heaven!" thought Halward, a shadowy smile momentarily playing across the strained, grave face, "that I don't knock across a policeman now. He'd run me in for a certainty on a charge either of being drunk and incapable, or loitering with the intent to commit a felony!"

He had gained on his man. The faint sounds of footsteps reached him. A moment later they ceased. He must have stopped. Close up to the wall, Halward crept forward cautiously. Something white showed up dimly out of the darkness—the scarf that muffled Grimwood's face.

He would risk it. Holding his breath, Halward crept a few paces nearer; then drew himself bolt upright against the wall. He had had no training in detective work, but he had earned himself a reputation, in his ranching days, as a skilful hunter of big game!

The click of a key, and the noise of a bolt being drawn back reached him; then whispered voices.

Again he glanced to, and stole a couple of paces nearer.

"I've run 'em to ground! Come along in!"

He caught the whispered words. Then the dim white, till then showing, vanished. Again a click, and the noise of a bolt drawn!

The tempo of the tune that Halward's heart was playing against his ribs quickened.

"I've run 'em to ground!"

Whom?

"Oo-found!"

Again a wave of the old vertigo! Halward plucked a small flask from his pocket; unscrewed the stopper; drained down some raw brandy!

"My God!" he whispered tensely. "I must keep going! Something's up! Something's in the wind to-night. It may mean sticking here the night through. I will see this thing through!"

Thrusting away the flask—he had kept off artificial stimulant till the last moment—he moved forward, to find a door let into the wall. He could just decipher 14 in white letters upon it. On the far side of the door something shimmered out dully. It proved to be a large, circular, portable dust-bin of some white metal. He had just ascertained the nature of the thing, and a shadowy smile was on his features, conjured up by a sudden idea, when faint sounds again reached his ears—sounds that suggested several people [creeping cautiously along the footway towards him!

He must not be found there, bootless, like some thief in the night. He glanced at the dust-bin. Had there been time, he would have made no bones about the matter—would have concealed himself within. There was ample room, and, stooping down, he would have been hidden completely. Next best, would be to crouch down in the shadow beside it. He was quick to act on the thought. He sank down beside the bin, and hunched up his knees into his ribs. He was in the double shadow of wall and bin.

Not a moment too soon!

Two slouching, shadowy figures, their heads craned forward, one slightly in front of the other, passed—something about them that suggested the vanguard of a pack of slinking wolves. And a few moments later, sure enough, the pack followed—silent, slouching, shadowy figures, with heads craned forward, like the first ones—half-a-dozen or more perhaps, straggling loosely, not more than two or three by side.

"Jove!" thought Halward, "an unhealthy, dangerous-looking lot of shadows! On someone's track, by the look of 'em!"

Then he was conscious of a rather curious sensation. Was it possible that he himself was the prey that they were in search of? Fancying him intoxicated, had they looked upon him as a suitable subject?

He hunched up his knees a little more closely to his chest. It was a decidedly uncanny neighbourhood, this.

The dragging and shuffling sounds died away.

Then a few moments of silence, only broken by the everlasting hum and rumble of the humanity and traffic around. Now and again Halward could catch the very words of some distant hoarse-voiced coterie, hawking his barrowed wares. Then, for a while, the seriousness and intensity of his mood, he could not help a smile. He knew that his friends counted him unconventional and eccentric; but he found himself wondering what their opinion of him would have been could they have been afforded a glimpse of him at the particular moment, as he sat, bootless, hunched up against a dust-bin that emitted none too pleasant an odour, in an East-end purlieu. Nevertheless, that obscure, malodorous corner suited his purpose.

well. Reuben Grimwood would probably leave by the same way that he came. Halward's only dread was that either a policeman might come along and flash his lantern upon him, or some scavenger would arrive on the scene, bent on overhauling the dust-bin. The shadowy smile died away—environment do not always influence thoughts. His thoughts had flown, for the moment, right away. The old heart-ache had suddenly made itself sharply felt.

"Little Grace," he said to himself, "I suppose you are happy! You—you wrote that you loved the fellow, and—well, he must love you! He couldn't help himself. And with that, and your loving, bright nature, and bright way of looking at things, you can't help being happy. And yet—"

He paused for a moment.

"I wish to Heaven!"—he was speaking half aloud now, and sharply—"that I knew it for certain!"

But, not so very far away, in a small room in Wallen Green, a silver-haired woman, in nurse's dress, was bending over poor little Grace as she tossed restlessly to and fro in a high fever, and once she cried aloud piteously—her old cry!

"They shan't take him from me! I'll fight for him—sin for him! Jack, Jack! You won't let them take him from me? You're so—so strong!"

It was well for the peace of Jack Halward's soul that he could not hear that cry; could not see that sight!

And not much beyond earshot from where he crouched Reuben Grimwood and Bart. Boote were seated, with looked doors, in the room at the back of the shop. Reuben Grimwood was holding a gold ring, two hands clasped upon it, between his thin forefinger and thumb, and was saying:

"You said, Bartholomew, you only asked for twenty-four hours' notice!"

"Yes, Reube, yes! But circumstances alter cases; and the conditions are different now. Wallen Green is not the same as Hillyer's Row, remember! I must ask for a slight extension of time. I have to make an entirely fresh set of dispositions. The question is how to avoid raising suspicions. In the meantime, Reube, I've been thinking over that other idea of yours, and I think it brilliant—if only we could be certain of finding exactly what we wanted. It is certainly worth trying for!"

Boote rose up, and, pulling back the blind, looked out of the window. It was a dark night.

"Reube, shall we go for a little row on the river to-night? The water should be practically slack now, and we can drift back gently on the tide. What say you? I haven't a boat of my own; but a riverside friend is good enough to place one of his at my disposal!"

Bartholomew Boote chuckled.

"I'm said to handle the sculls very prettily; but I don't suppose I'm up to 'Varsity, Desmond Scull form; you see, you were the lucky beggar! I never had your chances!"

Grimwood fingered his jaws nervously; then carefully thrust the ring into his pocket; and felt in another one to make sure that it contained a certain cigar-case with a secret recess that held a copy of Geoffrey Marsh's marriage-certificate, and a pasteboard card, "Madame Fauvel" printed on one side; on the other, words pencilled in Grace's handwriting.

"I can't help thinking," continued Boote, "that if poor Geoffrey Marsh's body were found, with unmistakable proofs of his identity upon it, it would effectually put an end to all these inquiries and advertisements, and give us time to turn round, if it didn't settle the whole business once and for all. You seem to look upon it as a last desperate measure. I am not inclined to relegate it to that position—shall we go, Reube?"

"Yes!" answered Grimwood, after a moment's hesitation. Boote laughed.

"I don't hold a pilot's certificate, Reube; but I know the river very fairly well—and it wants some knowing. The currents are extraordinary things, and worth studying. I am so glad you confided in me 'this extreme measure' of yours!"

He twined his fingers in a side-whisker, and plucked. The two men were facing one another; in spite of their difference of style, there was a resemblance between the two faces!

Halward's position was uncomfortable; but he had made up his mind that, though it meant waiting the night through, he would wait for Grimwood. "Run them to earth!" These were the words occupying his thoughts, when the sound of footsteps on the far side of the wall reached him. Involuntarily he brought his knees closer to his chest. His heart-music quickened again in tempo at the noise of key and bolt.

Two figures passed out through the door, one, short and wearing a yachting cap; the other—the figure, with the white scarf, that had passed in.

Halward waited for a few moments; rose up; followed!

"Run them to earth!" was still ringing in his ears.

Where was their destination?

(A long instalment next week.)

SECRETS OF HIGH LIFE REVEALED!

Has it ever occurred to you that the gorgeously dressed woman who dashes by you in a brilliant carriage and pair, may be as deeply steeped in crime as the wretched pick-pocket who at that moment may be stealing your watch? Yet many of the grandly dressed people you see riding and driving about have broken the law to a far greater extent than the ordinary common sneak-thief or burglar. Only very occasionally do the real facts leak out. They have done so, however, in the series of remarkable articles which appear in **SMOKE STORIES**, ready on Tuesday next (June 10th).

They are written by a girl who, for some years, acted as lady's companion to a Society adventuress; and the secrets of high life are startling to those who have no notion of what crimes are committed by those who clothe themselves in purple and fine linen. By ordering a copy of **SMOKE STORIES** (ready Tuesday next, June 10th), you will be able to begin this powerful series.

NEW AND STRANGE.

All About the most Recent Inventions and Discoveries.

RAILWAY carriages are being plated with copper. It does away with varnishing, and is more easily kept clean, while in course of time the chemical action of the elements on the copper produces a marking that gives it a very artistic appearance.

An Earl is among the latest additions to the ranks of inventors. The Earl of Crawford has devised a system of manipulating a vessel's rudder from any part of a ship by means of electrical gear. It is more simple than the steam gear at present in use, and much more reliable.

A new oven shelf that can be automatically drawn out is a device that will commend itself to cooks. It is done by means of a removable attachment on the oven door; when it is desired to draw out the shelf a screw is turned, and the attachment grips the shelf and draws it out as the door opens.

Those who are troubled by seeing grass grow up on the garden paths are advised to sprinkle the gravel with mineral oil and water; cessant will kill thistles, while a spray of sulphate of iron will destroy injurious plants of all kinds. Grass will not grow on the path for two years after the application of mineral oil and water.

A new craze in feminine attire across the Atlantic is not to be commended. A "crow hatchery" has been established to raise crows by the incubator process; when the birds are eight weeks old they are guillotined to supply the demand for crows' heads for bonnets. This is the only crow-breeding establishment in the world.

A new idea for use in besieged cities is the outcome of recent chemical experiments in Paris. It is found that nourishing food that is neither animal nor vegetable can be made up by chemical products; hence, beleaguered cities can be kept from starving by their chemical laboratories. Commercially, the idea is not at present likely to pay.

The latest cure for stuttering is being employed in German schools, of whose scholars nearly two in a hundred suffer from this distressing drawback. (This is said to be due to other causes than the pronunciation of ten-syllable words!) The idea is to alter the diet, giving the pupils less meat and sausage and more fresh air and exercise.

CHIMNEY sweeping by high tension electricity is an improvement of the near future. A chimney stack was struck by lightning a few days ago, but, from a reason quite understood by electricians, it only cleared away the soot, depositing it at the bottom. The same principle is to be worked out for ordinary use where high pressure currents are available.

The Dead Sea is to be brought to life. The trade between Jerusalem and Kerek has greatly increased and the number of tourists has also augmented; so the monks have organised a small company, and the first motor boat is soon to move over the waters, which have not been used for transit for centuries. The boat is to be called *Prodromos*, or "The Forerunner."

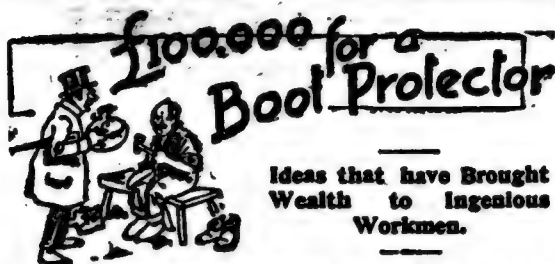
The model of a new steamship, to do the voyage from Havre to New York in four days, is being exhibited in Paris. It has a flat bottom, with three small false keels to preserve the hull in case of grounding, but the strangest feature of the vessel is that it has four propellers—one in the bow, one behind the rudder, and two (one on each side) just in front of the rudder.

An entirely new idea in waistcoats forms the subject of a recent British patent. The waistcoat has two fastenings: one is at one side, where the seam usually is in the ordinary pattern, and the other runs horizontally, about on a level with the armpits. The shoulder portion of the garment is brought over from the back, something like a pair of braces, and buttoned so as to form the horizontal fastening.

The latest novelty in visiting cards comes from the Continent, and seems a little too practical. On one side is the name, as usual, and on the other side, in each corner, is a word intended to express the object of the visit. The words are those meaning "visit," "leave-taking," "congratulation," and "condolence." If your object is to sympathise with anyone, you turn over the corner with the word "condolence," and the thing is done.

WAXEN'S Patent Eyeless Bodkin is as useful an article for the housewife as can be desired. It is most annoying, when you are trying to thread a tape through a short blind or a child's garment, to find that the tape has slipped out of the bodkin and you have had your work for nothing. This little article avoids all that. It has a safety-pin arrangement instead of an eye, the point of the pin is pushed through the tape, the pin closed, and the thing is done—so simple and useful that one wonders why it has not been done before. The price is 2d., by post 3d., from Messrs. Ellen and Co., 118 Fenchurch Street, London.

A SAFETY apparatus for cleaning windows from the outside has been invented by Mr. H. Gold, 36a Camomile Street, London, E.C. It consists of a telescopic wooden bar with clamps at each end, which can be easily adjusted to the inside cornices. At the top of the bar a rope and stout cord are fastened; to the end of the former a leather belt is attached, which is passed round the waist of the cleaner, and, while giving free play to the body, prevents a fall in case of accident. When it is not convenient for the cleaner to steady himself by holding the window sash, the cord is called into use. The apparatus, which is made in several sizes, is in use at many of the public offices in London, and can be obtained of all furniture dealers, ironmongers, or of the inventor.



Ideas that have Brought
Wealth to Ingenious
Workmen.

THE most successful inventors have almost invariably been, not theorists, but plain, practical working men. Here and there, it is true, one finds exceptions to this well-nigh universal rule; but they are few and far between.

Thus the linotype machine, which bids fair to revolutionise the art of printing, was evolved by the busy brain and expert fingers of a mechanic named Mergenthaler. Before his invention was placed upon the market he was engaged in making telescopes and other scientific instruments at a weekly wage. Now he is a millionaire two or three times over.

Gramme, a Belgian, who invented the ring dynamo, was a carpenter by trade, employed in the making of models for electric machines. He could hardly read or write, but he bought a dictionary and a book on electricity, and tried to teach himself. His invention revolutionised the manufacture of dynamos, brought him a fortune, and made him famous.

For unnumbered centuries, long, in fact, before the dawn of history, men had done all their writing laboriously and slowly by hand, first with a stylus and later with a pen. The idea of a writing-machine came to O. Latham Sholes, a Wisconsin mechanic, and he worked at it until he had produced a Remington typewriter, which, in all its essential features, was the same as that now in use. Wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice" was his.

The steel umbrella rib was the invention of a smart young workman, who elaborated the idea and constructed his models in his spare time. He made £160,000 out of it. L. O. Crowell was a printer's labourer, and in the intervals of his work he thought out the details of the Crowell folder, the contrivance which has made possible the present enormous editions of many paged periodicals and newspapers. It brought him an immense fortune.

K. Davis who invented the automatic inkstand which bears his name, has been rewarded by an appreciative public to the tune of some £50,000.

THE BOOT LACE BROUGHT £500,000.

A bootmaker named Blakey, of Bradford, realised £100,000 out of an iron boot-protector. The process of welding metals under water by means of the electric arc was hit upon by George D. Burton, a mechanic, who spent every penny he could get hold of on his idea. Then, just as he had begun to despair, he sold a part interest for £20,000.

Percy Everett, another working mechanic, invented the automatic weighing-machine. He is better off to-day by some £75,000. Everybody is by this time familiar with the outside appearance at all events of the cash register tills, the head-quarters of whose manufacture are at Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A. Hugo Cook, their inventor, was a worker for wages in that city not so many years back. He receives a royalty of eight shillings on each machine sold, and enough are disposed of in a year to give him an income of £5,000.

The boot-lace put half a million into the pocket of Harvey Kenna, another weekly wage-earner, and a fellow workman who put a metal tag on the end of it realised £30,000 by the improvement.

Mr. J. K. Stanley, the inventor of the safety bicycle, who died the other day, and who began life as an ordinary labourer, left £247,167. A working brick-maker named Kloots started the new artificial stone industry of Germany, which has within the last eighteen months made such vast strides forward that the lucky originator of the idea is in receipt of an income of £2,000 a month.

£500 A YEAR FOR A BICYCLE WRENCH.

Westinghouse, who invented the air brake, was a machinist. The idea brought him in £120,000. A certain young working mechanic, who last year patented a bicycle wrench, is getting at this present moment £10 a week out of it; while another, who devised a new and handy species of skirt-grip for ladies' dresses, is in the enjoyment of a steady income of £600 a year.

W. L. Bundy was a watchmaker when he invented the workmen's time recorder, which is now in such general use all over the world. After the idea had once occurred to him, it took him only a few days to elaborate it and construct his first working model. Within three months capital to the amount of nearly a quarter of a million sterling had been raised to exploit the invention, and Mr. Bundy is now a rich man.

Thomas J. Willson was just an ordinary day labourer in a chemical factory, when he stumbled upon a cheap method of making carbide of calcium, which up to that time had been known only as a laboratory product. The discovery brought him wealth, calcium carbide being the source of acetylene gas.

Augustus Schults was a working tanner, who used his eyes and his brains. As a result he invented a new process of tanning, which reduced the process of making leather from a year or two to one of a few weeks, thus revolutionising the business. This is the reason why

you can buy a pair of boots to-day for seven or eight shillings, which would have cost you at least twice that sum a year or two ago. It is also the reason why Schults is a wealthy man, with a town and country house, servants galore, hunters, and a yacht. When he began his experiments, he was, it is said, so poor, that he had to prepare his solutions in empty jam-jars.

Another young man who was a working mechanic a few years back, but who is now a millionaire, is Charles J. Van Depoele, the inventor of the under-running trolley. A girl worker in a German factory the other day hit upon a new process of flax-netting. She made the initial experiments in her mother's copper at home and got her ears soundly boxed for her pains; but she did not mind, for she had convinced herself that she had found out how to effect a vast saving of material over the ordinary chemical process. Apparently, too, she quickly convinced others, for she has just received £10,000 for her secret.

Everyone has heard of the Argand burner. Argand was a poor Swiss workman before his discovery; three years afterwards he was in receipt of an income from royalties averaging £8,000 a year. Alexander P. Morrow was a mechanic employed by a bicycle company when he devised the coaster brake which bears his name. More than a quarter of a million of these brakes had been sold up to the end of last year, and the royalties received by the inventor have made him a rich man.

A. Graham Bell was originally a poor school teacher. He took the first working model of his telephone to John A. Logan and offered him a half interest for £500, saying that it would do away with the telegraph and that there were millions in it. Logan said, "I dare say your machine works perfectly, but who would want to talk through such a thing as that, anyway? I advise you to save your money, young man." Telephone stock is worth to-day about £16,000,000 and Bell got several millions of the money. He offered a tenth interest to an examiner in the Patent Office for £20. It was refused. That tenth interest was worth £320,000 within sixteen years, and the man to whom it was offered is still examining patents at £400 per annum.

Give me Ninepenn'orth.

A GENTLEMAN staying with a vulgarian was much irritated by his host's habit of telling what this, that, and the other thing cost. The crisis came at lunch.

"This salmon," said the host, laying the knife affectionately upon a lordly fish, "cost eight and six a pound—eight and six a pound!"

"Did it?" answered the exasperated guest; and holding out his plate, added, "Just give me another ninepenn'orth."

Hailstones Are Made Like This.

THE beginning of the hailstone is a tiny piece of dirt or fluff, whirled skyward by an ascending current. When it gets up a good way, the moisture of the atmosphere clings to it, and when it at length reaches a height where the temperature is below the freezing point, it becomes a small pellet of ice. It is tossed up and down, like the glass-ball on a fountain-jet, and its size increases continually till it gets too heavy for that kind of sport and tumbles downwards.

It gathers more ice as it descends, but when it gets into warmer strata of air it naturally melts, unless it gets caught in the disturbance of a storm. If that happens, it is blown about and finally receives an impetus which sends it to earth before it can melt.

The New Cook.

THE daughter of a peer who kept house for him was in the throes of cook-hunting, and had made appointments to interview various applicants. His lordship knew of this, and that his daughter was downstairs in the housekeeper's room.

As he was in the act of leaving the house he encountered a friend of his girl's, one of the smartest and best-dressed women in London.

"Is your daughter in?" she said.

Having never set eyes upon her before, and being, moreover, very near-sighted, he replied:

"Oh, yes, and expecting you. Let me bring you to her."

"Oh, don't trouble, Lord Daah, I'll find my way."

"I hardly think so," said the master of the house;

"the passages are a bit confusing."

And so the short-sighted old man took her in tow, and, opening the door of the housekeeper's room, announced:

"Constance, dear, here's the new cook!"

Mr. BRIGHTYES: "I don't know whether I ought to tell you, but I won fifty pounds from Briggs last night playing poker."

Mrs. BRIGHTYES: "Oh, how nice. Now you can afford to get me that new dress."

Mr. BRIGHTYES: "What an unreasonable woman you are. I shall do nothing of the kind. It ought to be satisfaction enough to you to know that Mrs. Briggs won't be able to have a new dress."

GIRLS WHO HIDE THEIR APPELITE.

By an Old Bachelor.

MATRIMONY may be more or less of a lottery, but a little observation on the part of a lover would assist him greatly in his choice. There are many small things which go to make up charm of manner and disposition, and in studying the characteristics of the girl of your choice do not overlook her at a meal.

If you are prepared to take your inamorata for better or for worse, on the "love is blind" principle, all well and good—that is your business; but, on the other hand, if you will take the advice of an old fogey who has passed through more tribulation of various sorts than you ever dreamt of in all your philosophy, you will live to bless the day when you saw this issue of P.W., and especially this column.

Although I am an old bachelor, I don't mind confessing that I have been engaged more than once, and it is owing entirely to my habits of observation that I am not married to-day—to the wrong girl.

The bachelor state has its drawbacks, but there is no punishment on earth equal to being married to the girl who ought to be married to somebody else, or not at all.

The ardent young lover will scoff at the mention of love and food in the same breath, but a study of a girl's appetite is a fair index of character, as I have proved over and over again. There are a lot of girls like Matilda Treetle, to whom I was once engaged.

As youngsters they have voracious appetites and devour stacks of bread and butter, or jam, as the case may be. When they rise to the dignity of having their hair put up, and are in the throes of their first love affair, however, they aim at being dainty and chic. They cultivate pretty little ways, peck sweetly at their food, and sip their tea, just like a dicky bird—when they are in company. They don't bite anything. A saucy form of nibbling is more generally affected.

At one time they competed with their brothers as to who could take the biggest bite of a slice of bread and butter, and often swindled them by folding a slice over and then opening it out again. But before Algernon Edward they must now perforce nibble like white mice, and look pretty.

Of course, we don't want to see our best girl fall upon her food like a cannibal, but there is a happy medium, and the girl who thinks that "a lady-like appetite" is correct form, is capable of practising other little deceptions.

If you see a girl habitually toying in a lackadaisical manner with her food, you may be sure there is something wrong. Either she is constitutionally weak, or she is hiding her appetite to favourably impress Algernon Edward.

Don't tell me that love kills the appetite. In the case of a girl it makes her artful, and in the case of the young man it makes him absent-minded, and he doesn't know how much he is eating, but he keeps on all the same.

I know scores of girls to day, who hide their appetite everywhere but at home. They'll eat like a farmer before an old fogey like me, but assume the canary style of feeding should a young man sit down to the table, and he—good, easy man—thinks the girl will cost him no more to keep when they are married than a pet bird.

Girls can't live on love and air, and they don't. I have heard it argued that a girl is too shy to eat heartily before her lover. Pooh! Give me the girl who strikes the happy medium between an unrestrained gobbler and an over-restrained peck.

I don't expect any gratitude from the young man of the period for this or any other advice, until he is in the sere and yellow leaf. Then I shall not be here to acknowledge it; the realisation of its truth will have come too late for him.

I feel it my duty to say, however, that the girl to marry is the girl who sets about her food in a business-like manner. She handles her knife and fork briskly, and is not afraid to ask nicely for anything she wants beyond her reach. When she bites anything, it is a real, business-like bite that betokens action, vigour and determination.

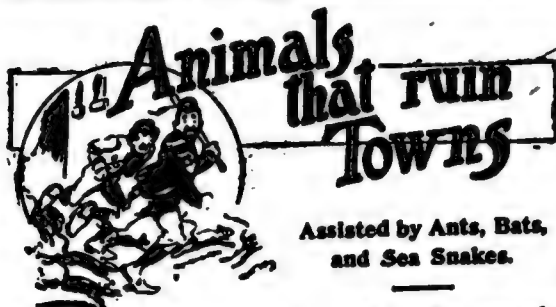
That is the girl who will be alert and cheerful when the bairns are down with measles, and you have got the mumps, and when she is laid by herself at any time she will not howl about it, and make everybody's life a burden.

When the skein of your joint lives is getting a bit tangled, or the wolf begins to glare in at the garden gate, this is the girl who will help you to find a way out of the difficulty.

She will not flop and moan, and say that she never dreamt of having such trials to contend with. She will see that her home and yours is the brightest spot on earth, and will relegate to the background of her life the regulation "calls," and the mischievous cackle inseparable from afternoon tea.

Beware of the girl who will take nothing but trifle at a ball supper. She has an appetite like an ostrich, but is hiding it from you. It is such a dainty and attractive thing to sit dreamily toying with a small plate of trifle. It looks sweet and engaging, and you feel that you would like to eat the girl and the trifle as well.

SHORT STORIES ready June 10th contains the first of the series entitled "The Confessions of Cynthia," about which there has been so much legal trouble.



THE news, telegraphed from Stockholm recently, that the village of Storjarvi, situated in the Norrbotten district of Sweden, has been perforce abandoned by its inhabitants, owing to the passage over and through it of an immense horde of lemmings, is, though strange, by no means incredible.

Indeed, these little rodents—no bigger than rats, and, as a general rule, not nearly so destructive—have in the past devastated, not villages only, but whole districts in both Sweden and Norway.

The lemming's usual abiding place is in the highlands or fells of the great central Scandinavian mountain chain. Here he can, of course, do little or no harm; for these barren plateaux, producing nothing but a scanty growth of juniper and dwarf birch, are practically uninhabitable by man.

Unfortunately, however, he is not invariably content to confine himself to his ancestral home; but occasionally, and at very uncertain intervals, varying from five to twenty or more years, he descends, literally in myriads, into the cultivated lowlands, laying waste everything before him. Nothing stops a lemming migration, once it has set in.

AN AVALANCHE OF ANIMALS.

The tiny animals seem impelled onwards by a resistless impulse, always travelling in the same direction, and never stopping until they reach the ocean into which they plunge, and, swimming onwards as before, perish in the waves. It is said that in thus committing involuntary suicide they are obeying an instinct inherited from vastly ancient times; that they are, in fact, but seeking a home in that submerged Atlantis, to which their ancestors of the Miocene period were wont to resort, when driven from their ordinary dwelling places by crowding or scarcity of food.

Be that as it may, there can be no question of the damage they do. The country over which they pass is eaten bare. Incredible numbers perish from disease, induced apparently by overcrowding, and the putrefying bodies of these unfortunates poison the air. And, finally, the lemmings themselves are accompanied and followed by crowds of beasts and birds of prey, as bears, wolves, foxes, wild cats, stoats, weasels, eagles, hawks, and owls, which collectively complete the ruin that the rodents have begun. Small wonder that the people of Storjarvi abandoned their homes in despair after such an invasion.

ANTS ATE VILLAGES.

Incomparably more harmless-looking even than the lemming is the termite, or African white ant; yet he causes far more terrible havoc. Marching, as they do, in vast swarms, the devastation these voracious insects commit is almost incredible. Not only food stuffs, but wood, leather, cloth, and, in fact, everything but stone or metal-work, is devoured almost as effectively as by fire. Nothing stays their progress, and when an ant army is seen approaching a village the inhabitants take to flight with whatever of value they can lay their hands on.

Maurice Ducroix arrived at the populous Arab town of Irlinge, in German East Africa, after an unusually severe visitation of this kind. He describes the place as being an absolute ruin. The shells of many of the houses were, it was true, still standing; but the joists, floors, and, in fact, all the interior woodwork had been devoured. Indeed, so complete was the havoc that the inhabitants for the most part made no attempt to repair their gutted dwellings, but levelled to the ground such walls as were still intact, preferring to rebuild anew from the foundations.

RABBITS FLOOD A TOWN.

Habbits were directly responsible for the terrible disaster which overwhelmed the populous Spanish city of Lorca, some time back. By burrowing and tunnelling under the foundations of the vast embankment, which had been built high up in the hills to dam back the waters of a mountain lake, they so weakened it that it gave way. The resultant deluge wiped Lorca off the face of the earth, drowned some 1,200 of its inhabitants, and inundated the country for more than twenty leagues. A similar catastrophe, which befell a number of isolated towns and villages in the Mississippi valley in March, 1890, was attributed to rats having undermined the levees near Greenville.

These latter uncleanly animals have, however, a far graver indictment against them, in that they are now known to have been the means of ruining not one or two, but scores of flourishing cities and towns, by infecting their inhabitants with the terrible bubonic plague bacillus. True, the relation of cause and effect was not always clearly understood at the time; but in view of the flood of light thrown upon the subject by modern

medical science, who can doubt but that the "swarm of rats" noticed immediately prior to the terrible epidemic of that disease at Bassora (to cite but one instance) was the direct cause of the outbreak that followed, and which, in the short space of eight weeks, destroyed 80,000 of its inhabitants.

Again, in 1883, a single infected rat escaped from a slave dhow into Kaschkizan, a small, but, at that time, fairly prosperous town on the northern shore of the Gulf of Aden. A month later the place was a deserted charnel house, and it has so remained to this day, none either daring or caring to venture among the festering horrors hidden there.

Bats ruined Canneman, in Java. Prior to 1860, the village, which is situated near the large and flourishing town of Besuki, in the extreme north-western corner of the island, enjoyed a fair measure of prosperity. But in the autumn of that year a monstrous colony of these uncanny creatures took possession of the house of the headman of the district, and successfully defied all efforts made to expel them.

BATS TURNED OUT PEOPLE.

Let at last in peace they increased and multiplied to an alarming extent, congregating in myriads, like seaweed, on the cliffs overhanging the place, and by degrees invading all the other houses and rendering them uninhabitable. Now, the place where Canneman formerly stood is occupied by an immense and ever-increasing heap of guano-like excrement, which the natives are beginning to utilise as a source of salt-petre.

Venomous reptiles are dreaded the world over, and cases might be cited galore, from consular and other reports, of inhabited places having become deserts owing to their depredations. One such instance, however, stands out from all others, not only because of the completeness of the havoc wrought, but on account of the peculiar circumstances surrounding it.

In the first place the reptilian invasion which was the immediate cause of the exodus was one, not of land serpents, but of sea snakes; or, rather, to be strictly accurate, of one variety of sea snake—the platyrus. This hideous creature swarms in the warm waters of the Persian Gulf, and its habit—not shared by any other of the sea snakes—of frequently going on shore, for the purpose of sporting or hunting over marshy ground, has caused it to be generally dreaded.

SEA SNAKES CLEARED A TOWN.

As a rule they carefully avoid the presence of man; but early in the spring of the year 1860, a solitary individual was bitten by one of the species near Abou Safieh, one of the coast towns in the province of El Hass, Arabia. The unfortunate victim, of course, died, the platyrus being one of the most venomous of a family, every member of which is armed with poison-fangs of a more or less formidable description; but, human life being cheap in those regions, little more was thought of the matter.

A day or two later, however, another inhabitant of the town, venturing forth to ascertain how his maize-plot was progressing, was slain; and after him another, and yet another. Then panic set in in earnest, and the people kept inside their houses. But the platyrus, impelled by some strange instinct, swarmed by thousands into the place, penetrating into every nook and cranny, and causing eventually, by the mere loathsomeness and horror of their presence, a wild and general stampede. To-day Abou Safieh is a dead town; dead, that is to say, so far as human life is concerned, but very much alive in respect of the presence each night after the sun goes down of myriads of the horrible creatures whose advent originally brought about its ruin.

TIGERS SCARE HINDOOS.

It is, however, in India that the ravages caused by wild beasts and reptiles are most marked. Not merely single towns or villages, but whole districts, have in times not far distant been converted into deserts by the sudden advent of unusual numbers of tigers or of snakes. The former is especially destructive, and the facts set forth in cold figures in Government reports concerning his depredations sound absolutely incredible.

Even a single tiger, which happens to be a confirmed man-eater, will often suffice to scare away entire populations. One large male killed 106 people in three years, and caused the eventual abandonment of a big cotton factory, together with the model village it supported. Another killed an average of about eighty persons per annum for several years, and during a period of famine so completely closed the roads leading to a certain place, that four-fifths of the inhabitants perished of starvation. A third, so late as 1869, killed 127 people, and stopped a public road for many weeks, until the opportune arrival of an English sportsman, who at last shot him. While yet a fourth caused thirteen villages to be abandoned, and 260 square miles of land to be thrown out of cultivation.

In April, 1800, the following paragraph appeared in the papers: "Upwards of one hundred of the principal inhabitants of Leeds have agreed not to suffer lamb to be used in their family for three months, with a view to increase the stock of mutton, and, consequently, to lower its price."

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY WITH LORD TOOTLE.

By His Private Secretary.

WHEN in the country my lord lives a life vastly different from that he follows when in town. Unless it is the depth of winter he rises at least a couple of hours earlier; to be up and about at seven o'clock in the morning, when everyone else is up at six, may not seem to be a very remarkable performance, yet it is creditable in an individual who might, if he so desired, stay in bed till noon.

Lord Tootle never wears a black coat when in the country, except when he attends Church, or when he puts in an appearance at some local ceremony, where ladies, and bishops, and such folks are in evidence. For a flower show, or a district council meeting, he dons a grey frock-coat, perhaps, but, as a rule, he goes about in a suit of rough brown tweed. When shooting he wears knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket. His lordship has only recently followed the fashion with regard to brown boots and leggings.

Unlike many of the present day youthful aristocrats, he does not go in for a soft white linen scarf and pin in place of the usual neck-gear; he sticks to his glossy starched collar, unless, indeed, he wears a flannel shirt and a silk muffler, as he occasionally does when he has no visitors, or when he spends his day in going round the farm and cottage property with the steward.

My own holiday is taken when Lord Tootle is in the country, for he has much less need of my services there than when in town, unless he is taking a part in any controversy in the Press, or preparing a report on any subject relating to agriculture. Should he be carrying on a wordy battle in the newspapers, I am kept hard at work, wherever he may be. I spend days in searching for needed references contained in the speeches of public men, or in looking up authorities on the particular subject being dealt with.

Sometimes, when he does not feel inclined to do so, I prepare a rough draft of what I should myself say in reply to an opponent, but, generally speaking, his lordship so chops and changes my effort, when he comes to go through it, that I can scarcely find a line he has not touched up or cut down. In the case of report preparation, I am often buried in dry statistics for hours at a stretch, and when the result is not favourable to his lordship's view of a matter, my work is worse than wasted—it is utterly ignored.

If there are letters on subjects for which my lord has little or no interest delivered during his time in the country, I have them to deal with unaided. Perhaps I ought not to say altogether unaided, for he will push them from him in a disordered pile and instruct me to tell the writers of them to go to the dickens! I do so in the following or equally conventional form:

DEAR SIR,—I am desired by Lord Tootle to acknowledge your letter of the — inst., and to say, in answer thereto, that as his lordship's views on the subject you mention are so widely known, he is of opinion that any service he might be able to render your Society by speaking at the meeting called for the — inst. would scarcely warrant his acceptance of your kind invitation.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

To John Bocher, Esq.,
Hon. Sec., the Society for, etc., etc.

Lord Tootle is a magistrate, and a part of his time, when in the country, is taken up in discharging the duties of the local J.P. I shall scarcely be committing a breach of confidence if I say that as a magistrate his lordship seeks to win popularity among his tenants by displaying an undue leniency. This policy wins him friends among the cottagers, and those from whom the bulk of the offenders come, but the village shopkeepers, as well as the stay-at-home gentry of the district, do not appreciate it. They, no doubt, have sense enough to see that his lordship is not so conscientious as he should be, and that in passing such light sentences he encourages drunkenness and the kindred delinquencies. One "crime," there is, on which Lord Tootle is extremely severe—that is, poaching, for it touches his own interests.

I have seen his lordship, who is the owner of thousands of acres of land, make a hearty lunch off bread and cheese, and a pot of ale from a deal table in a four-shilling-a-week cottage. I have also seen him take a hand at the ropes when a cow has strayed into a bog, and been unable to extricate itself. He has been known to laugh, too, longer and louder at the simple joke of an old rustic, than at the most subtle wit of a famous society clown.

The London newspapers do not reach Lord Tootle's favourite country seat till late in the day, so that his evenings, when he is alone, are largely given up to the Times, and the financial reports of the morning's Stock Exchange details, which are specially dispatched to him from London at noon.

When visitors are in the house, cards and billiards and gossip take up some of the evening hours. Should ladies be of the party, other games and music, and theatrical performances are not unknown as pastimes. His lordship has found out one secret not known to a large number of less wealthy persons; it is that for an escape from depression there is nothing like an active mind in an active body.

HUMAN BODIES IN TUBES.

NOT many persons are aware of the fact that the best brown paint used by artists is made from human bodies. The bones and skin, which are ground up by artists' colourmen and sold in tiny colour-tubes as "Brown Artists' Colour," are those of mummies taken out of the Egyptian manseleums.

When a person died in the East a century or two B.C. he was preserved in the finest bitumen. The remains of a body treated thus in those times on being unwrapped to-day presents an appearance similar to light-coloured leather. The bitumen and the leather-like remains are ground down by machinery, and turned into a beautiful brown liquid paint, which translucent tint is the delight of all artists.

The big colour dealers generally keep a mummy locked away in an air-tight case for use when required. A single one will last for years and make a stupendous amount of colour.

A firm in Long Acre, in the course of the business of supplying artists with pigments, became possessed from time to time of remains of the great Egyptians to be in due course ground up by them and sold in tubes as "mummy" paint. The firm recently lent a piece of the beautifully woven and preserved linen bandages in which a high priest and keeper of the baths had been preserved to be shown at some conversation or lecture in the Midlands. The texture and quality excited great admiration amongst the audience, which culminated in something like astonishment upon the declaration of a manufacturer that this fabric, woven perhaps by a contemporary of Moses, contained the same disposition of thread which he had independently invented and patented only a year ago.

In the manufacture of artists' colours, animal, vegetable, and mineral substances are largely used. Crimson and purple lakes and carmine are all obtained from the cochineal insect. Sepia is the dark fluid discharged by the cuttlefish to render the water opaque for its own concealment when attacked by a larger fish. Prussian blue is made by fusing the hoofs of horses with impure potassium carbonate, and ultramarine is obtained from the precious mineral known as lapis lazuli.

Gamboge is the yellow sap of a tree which grows in Siam, and raw sienna is the natural earth from Sienna, when burnt it becomes burnt sienna. Turkey red is made from the Indian madder plant.

There is only one colour that English people do not know how to produce, and that is Indian ink. Only the Chinese can make it, and they refuse to divulge the secret of its composition.

What was the Use?

A LADY, teaching her little daughter, four years old, pointed to something in the book, and asked:

"What is that, my dear?"

"Why, don't you know?" inquired the child.

"Yes," said the mother, "but I wish to find out if you know."

"Well," responded the little miss, "I do know."

"Tell me, then, if you please," said the lady.

"Why, no," insisted the little one with an arch look, "you know what it is, and I know what it is, and there is no need of saying anything more about it."

Nasty Ways of Smoking.

THE Kafir pipe is a peculiar-looking affair, consisting of a horn of a bullock sawn near the thick end, the inside being filled partly with water. Over the open end of the horn is suspended a piece of wood, cut sometimes rather fantastically in the shape resembling an ordinary pipe minus the stem.

The Kafir, after filling and lighting his pipe—which he does generally by a burning ember—places his hand over the top, incircles the bowl with his fingers, fills the vacuum on one side of the bowl, and, putting his mouth to the other, is thus able to inhale. He is a very strong smoker and does not keep the smoke in his mouth, but inhales directly from his pipe. The effect of doing this is quickly perceived, for after about a minute of hard smoking the Kafir is quite drunk!

The next performance would rather turn a delicate stomach to watch, for while the smoke is still in his lungs the Kafir takes a mouthful of water and ejects from his dainty mouth, down a reed or a stick, the smoke and water combined in the shape of bubbles.

One pipe is generally used by a party of about a dozen sitting in a ring on their haunches, keeping up incessant gesticulations to beguile the time awaiting their turn.

Another, but comparatively uncommon way, which the Kafir has evidently invented, is to smoke from the ground. Having found a patch of damp, firm ground, the Kafir makes two small holes a foot or so away from each other, about three or four inches deep, and joining them underground, is the proud possessor of a pipe. Over one opening he places a small piece of leather with a hole in it to prevent his lips from contact with the ground. He then fills the other opening with his native herbs, and, going on his knees, puts his mouth to the first hole, applies a light to the other, and inhales till he is intoxicated.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE ON EACH OTHER.

IN one of the poorest neighbourhoods on the Surrey side of the River Thames it appears as if nothing were ever purchased which could possibly be borrowed; and, in consequence, people living in the same street or court seems to possess everything in common with their neighbours.

The borrowing begins early in the morning, when our acquaintance's little boy will put his tousled head in at one's door to know if one can oblige his mother with the loan of one's kettle, in order to boil the water for the breakfast-tea. The kettle having been handed over, there may be peace for some half hour, when Mrs. Brown from number forty-three drops in to beg some sugar, having quite run out. The sugar having been supplied—in the bottom of a tea-cup—Mrs. B. suddenly remembers that she is about to do some ironing, and drops a mild hint that the loan of one's flat-iron would not be unacceptable. So the thing goes on all day.

One woman owned a wringing-machine, which the neighbours for months seemed to regard as joint property, the unfortunate woman's backyard being completely monopolised. At a funeral the practice is carried on to an immense extent. Cups, saucers, and the like; silk hats, black clothes, and even a harmonium, have been borrowed on such an occasion.

Then, the same style of thing prevails in the case of a christening.

Should there be a robe in the vicinity the owner thereof may rely on receiving many applications for its loan.

Many an out-of-work labourer has borrowed a clean shirt in order to go and seek a job; in fact, anything and everything, from a mangle down to a "blow" of the bellows, or a squeeze of the blue-bag, will be borrowed without embarrassment in these poorer neighbourhoods.

Nor is it always in the poorer districts that the borrowing habit obtains. Owners of gardens in the suburbs are well-acquainted with the genial gentleman next door who would be so much obliged by the use of your lawn-mower, while hoes, forks, and other gardening implements are constantly changing hands over the fence. If you make private complaint to your wife of the way in which the Browns and the Robinsons are continually borrowing your tools, she merely replies, "Well, dear, neighbours should be neighbourly, especially in a little place like this." Then you know that she is thinking of the afternoon she spent over Mrs. Brown's sewing-machine, and of the two eggs she borrowed only that morning from Mrs. Robinson because there were none for your breakfast.

WHY DO WE USE SALT?

WE use salt because there are salts in our food in its unrefined state, as nature prepares it, before it is skinned and boned, peeled and cooked: and we must replace these salts, or our bodies will not be fully benefited by what we eat.

We use salt, also, because our blood contains it, likewise our muscles, our nerves, and indeed our whole bodies; and it gets used up during the life processes constantly being carried on within us.

But the salt contained in natural foods, and that required for our living bodies, is not "common" salt, but a combination of that substance with Phosphates and other things which are even more necessary and more natural than common salt itself. Hence "Cerebos" Salt, which is regarded as a novelty, and which has only been gradually brought to perfection within the last five years, is really a return to nature, seeing it contains the very things which are required to complete a natural food and to keep the body in full vigour. Many people look upon "Cerebos" Salt as a dainty article for table use only, and it is indeed both pleasant to see and agreeable to use, owing to its fine appearance and delicate flavour. But its most important use is to strengthen the food, to build up the body, and to fortify the constitution. Therefore it should be used also in the kitchen to increase the nourishing value of all the food.

Some kind of salt everyone must use, and "common" salt, although so unanimously recognised, is certainly not the best for health. One ought, therefore, to make quite sure of getting "Cerebos" Salt, the word being registered as a trade mark. Imitations are always inferior—sometimes dangerous.

CEREBOS

TABLE

SALT

A Silent
Constitution Builder.



ISOBEL will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pen-and-ink illustration will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES PAGE.

case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES PAGE.

For the Curtains. Add a tablespoonful of flour to the usual quantity of starch.

Rub New Boots with a slice of raw potato, and they will then polish as easily as old ones.

To Drive Mice Away. Scatter borax into their holes and place lumps of camphor in their haunts.

Dandelion Beer. Boil five gallons of water, two ounces of dandelion leaves, five ounces of ginger, and half an ounce of hops; strain off and boil again, add three pounds of sugar and two ounces of Spanish juice. Allow it to ferment for twenty-four hours and then bottle for use. (Reply to ILFORD.)

Potted Cal's Liver is excellent for sandwiches, and also as a savoury course, if spread on hot buttered toast. Fry the slices of liver with half the quantity of unsmoked bacon, chop finely, season highly with salt, cayenne, lemon-juice, and allspice. Add sufficient butter to moisten, and work into a paste.

Tomatoes on Toast. First pour boiling water over the fruit to loosen the skins. Let all stand for three minutes, peel, and put into a stew-pan, with a little butter, pepper, and salt. Stew all very slowly for half-an-hour, and add tarragon vinegar to taste. Pour on to buttered toast. Scatter chopped parsley over, and serve with cutlets or hash.

To Clean and Renovate Leather, Particularly Morocco. The following directions are sent me by one who uses it for chairs, purses, pocket-books, etc.: Rub all over with a soft white rag dipped in white of egg, and polish with a soft cloth. This will remove dust and stains, and gives a glossy appearance equal to new. (Thanks to J. H. K.)

For Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Stiffness, etc., the following application is useful: Take three ounces of eucalyptus oil, and one ounce of olive oil, set in a bottle and shake together. For use add a tablespoonful of the oil to half a pint of boiling water, saturate a cloth with this and apply over the painful part, repeating if necessary in half an hour. This will not be found to irritate the skin. (Thanks to A. W. F.)

Hot Crab is a very popular dish in some households, and should be prepared as follows: Carefully take out the meat of a crab, also from the large claws. Mince all together finely, season with salt and cayenne pepper. Into a little thick cream work a small teaspoonful of curry powder and mix all with the crab, adding a teaspoonful of chilli vinegar and some fine breadcrumbs. After cleaning out the crab-shell thoroughly, fill with the mixture, scatter breadcrumbs over with little bits of butter on them. Brown in the oven.

Can You Swim? In this week's HOME

NOTES you will see a paper pattern of a bathing gown with diagram showing how to lay it on to five and a quarter yards of material, forty-six inches wide, and full directions for making. This costume has the advantage of being suitable for the swimmer, and yet enabling her to present a "clothed" appearance when entering and leaving the water. You will also see some very useful hints on Etiquette, dealing with "Dinner Parties," "Science and Health," "Tourist Notes," telling where to go for a holiday, viz., Rothenburg. Hints on "Home Washing," etc., etc., in this little paper which is only 1d. every week, published on Friday.



Too Hot an Oven will ruin the best made cake as quickly as too cold an oven, however much pains have been taken in the mixing.

For Cakes in Warm Weather. Put the eggs in cold water for twenty minutes before you beat them. This simple hint causes eggs to froth quickly even on the hottest day.

Very Dirty Brass should be scrubbed with plenty of soap and soda water and then be scoured with paraffin and coal ashes, before being touched with any polish. (Reply to ELIZA N.)

For a Cheap Floor Stain. Get a penny-worth of permanganate of potash and dissolve it in half a pint of boiling water. Apply this to the boards when still hot, and then varnish or polish with beeswax and turpentine.

Egg Toast. Beat an egg with a pinch of salt. Take slices of bread and dip both sides in the egg. Put two ounces of butter in an enameled frying-pan, and when very hot set the slices of bread in it. Fry to a nice golden brown on both sides. Serve hot with white sugar sifted over. (Reply to E. W.)

To Cook a Tongue. Place in a sauce-pan, cover with tepid water, add a seasoning of herbs and whole spices. When cooked remove the skin, brush the entire surface with beaten egg and strew with breadcrumbs. Bake for half-an-hour in a steady oven, basting frequently. Serve hot, with a good brown gravy and fried tomatoes.

Gooseberry Roll is a good substantial pudding. Have some light suet crust, and roll it out to a quarter of an inch thick. Cover it with a layer of raw gooseberries, sprinkle thickly with moist sugar, roll up, wet the edges, and press together. Tie in a floured cloth, and boil for two hours. Serve with some gooseberry sauce.

To Wash White Silk Vests shred some good yellow soap finely, cover it with soft water in a small sauce-pan, and boil till it is a jelly. With tepid water make a lather of the boiled soap. Wash the vests in this, rinse in tepid water, and wring out in clean cloths, so as to dry quickly. Hang in the air, but out of the sun. (Reply to DAIST.)

Rice and Peas make a good supper dish. Put some bacon fat in a sauce-pan and add to it half a pint of peas, cook for a few minutes, add one pint of cooked rice. Then very gradually add a little stock, season with salt, cayenne, and chopped parsley. When all is quite tender, add one ounce of butter and one ounce of grated cheese. Stir till quite mixed, and serve with a garnish of slices of hard-boiled eggs.

A Simple Remedy for Constipation is to make an infusion every night of five or six cloves in half a teacupful of boiling water. On rising in the morning drink the cold clove water. Another simple remedy is to take a teaspoonful of the following mixture each night. Half an ounce of powdered senna, half an ounce of powdered ginger, a quarter of a pound of finely-chopped figs, and half a pound of treacle. Mix all these ingredients in a gallipot and keep for use. (Reply to J. M., Tasmania.)

This Recipe is what you had before for Cleaning Marble, and found so successful. First free the surface from all dust and dirt, and then wash with a very strong solution of hydrochloric acid. Soap should never be used on white marble, for it injures the colour. Obsolete stains of grease should be treated as follows: First pour over the spots some boiling soda water; next mix sufficient fuller's earth and cold water to form a stiff paste. Lay this on the grease spots, remove after four hours, and if the grease is not gone repeat the application. (Reply to HOUSEWIFE.)

An Excellent Baked Stew. For a party of four get three-quarters of a pound of steak and half a pound of sausages, a sliced onion, some chopped parsley, flour, pepper, and salt. On a plate put a heaped tablespoonful of flour, add salt, and a good seasoning of pepper. Cut each sausage into three pieces, and the steak into square pieces. Dip each piece of meat into the seasoned flour, and lay in an earthenware stewing jar. Put the onion and chopped parsley between each layer. Scatter over any flour remaining on the plate and pour in sufficient cold stock or water to cover. Put on the lid, and cook the contents of the jar in a slow oven for two hours, or till the meat is done. Serve in the jar, after colouring the gravy a nice brown. (Reply to TIT-MOUSE.)

IS LOVE DISLIKE?

By Madge Morris.

WHAT is it to "like" anyone? It is, perhaps, the highest compliment that one human being can pay to another. It is the selection of one particular person from the mass of his or her fellows as one whom your cool judgment has analysed, and decided to be worthy of your esteem. To like is a mental process, and those we like attain that position as a result of a favourable estimate by our judicial selves.

To "love," on the other hand—I use the word in its accepted sense, not in that of Plato—springs from no mental process whatever. Define it how we may, the power which induces love is anything but intellectual. True, we can develop "love" out of "like" with enduring results, but what we understand as love as affecting the majority of beings, is the result, not of an evolution, but of a sudden magnetism, in which we are drawn towards another by an unconscious electricity. It may be a mutual glance which marks the contact of our two beings, a chance word, a movement, or some external attribute in another, which instantaneously draws us together in the bond of love.

Love, therefore, as distinct from "like," is the result of no mental selection. We have not analysed and adjudicated upon those we elect to love. The attraction has been arranged by a higher power—the same power which directs all natural forces, and draws together all bodies.

What I wish to point out is that those towards whom we are drawn by the magnetic power of love may be those whom, were that minute spark by any chance absent, we might analyse and reject as eligible to our esteem, or, in brief words, we might dislike.

To draw on reminiscence, I will recall a little episode bearing out this theory. A man, whom, for convenience, I will call A, was introduced to a girl, B, at a dance. They had seen each other a great deal previously, but had never been introduced. They had long wished for this meeting, as, to put it briefly, they had "loved at first sight." She was his ideal of womanly charm, and he was to her what a man should be, handsome, manly, and gifted. Their first handshake was an ecstasy, and from their first meeting they had deluded themselves that they were lovers by divine right.

Love was more than ever blind in regard to them. Each began, after a succession of meetings, to detect little flaws in the other's character, but, blinded by their passionate love, they refused to set any store by them. A saw that B, in spite of her protestations towards him, was selfish, and perhaps a trifle malicious towards others. But, said he, of what avail such characteristics if we love each other? She, too, had noted similar faults in A, but rejected them with like emphasis.

Now, selfishness and malevolence were, above all, the two traits of character which A in his heart of hearts detested, and A's faults were those which B on her part held in equal contempt. Had they coolly analysed each other there could have been no other possible mutual verdict but one of cordial dislike. But love blinded all.

Suddenly there arose a misunderstanding. A had done something which B had not understood. She reproached him for it. He, being proud, resented it, and in a passion they parted. Both being intensely sensitive and proud, neither relented. For a time there was coldness, and the old sentiment had become changed with lightning rapidity. They grew hateful to each other. Both saw those faults they had hitherto agreed to ignore now revealed in the blackest light. They saw that they disliked each other. A marriage between them must have been fatal, as by nature they were both utterly unsuited. And yet had they not loved?

The kind of love which I classify as "dislike," or, to put it more mildly, the reverse of "like," is, of course, the sudden, impetuous type, to which belongs that fatal state, love at first sight. One's qualities of discrimination as to the character of another are blinded under the emotion of a moment, blinded to all that cool consideration which induces the contrary state "like." People force themselves to appreciate each other's characters, and will not see any defects until such an influence as the quarrel referred to in the cases of A and B reveals things in their true ratio.

The highest form of love, and that which will be found to endure against all influences, is that which is synonymous with "like." How often the wooed one resents her lover saying "I like you." Yet of how great a significance is the use of that little phrase. It should not signify that his sentiment is of a cold nature, but rather that, in addition to the emotional tie which binds them, he has elected to "like" her as well, that is—to invest her with the qualities making her not only a lover but also a friend, the combination which is the loftiest and most beautiful of all human ties.

Let everyone entering into a new attachment ask themselves this question: Are the qualities of the persons who are swearing devotion those which also commend themselves to their own judgment, and which appeal to their own sympathy? If so, then there need be no fear as to a happy consummation.

If, on the other hand, there exist attributes which one would dislike under ordinary circumstances, let the suitor beware. For love may then be merely dislike, in a very powerful disguise, but dislike all the same, and when the early ecstasy has passed off, disaster may supervene.

Isobel

HOLIDAYS FOR 1902.	1902. M. R. CH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.
Good Friday . . . March 22.	M 3 10 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 2 9 16 23 30
Easter Monday . . . March 25.	W 3 10 16 23 30	W 7 14 21 28	W 5 12 19 26	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 16 23 30
Whitson Monday . . . May 19.	W 3 10 16 23 30	W 7 14 21 28	W 5 12 19 26	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 16 23 30
Coronation Day . . . June 26.	W 3 10 16 23 30	W 7 14 21 28	W 5 12 19 26	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 16 23 30
Bank Holiday . . . August 4.	W 3 10 16 23 30	W 7 14 21 28	W 5 12 19 26	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 16 23 30
Christmas Day . . . December 25.	T 7 14 21 28	T 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25
Boxing Day . . . December 26.	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26



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The Next Page is Always Red, and so is This.

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

G. H. A. the other day made a rather appalling discovery. He found that for some years his wife had been purchasing in his name a copy of *P.W.* every week, for which she paid her newsagent a year's subscription in advance; but she failed to send the receipt to us, and to, therefore, obtain the benefits of the insurance system under the conditions which are stated in the last column of this page. As there may possibly be other readers who are not yet acquainted with the system, I think it best to call their attention to the fact that, in order to obviate the necessity of signing their name on the insurance coupon every week, they have only to pay down a year's subscription in advance to a newsagent, and to forward his receipt to us, when they will get in exchange a certificate insuring them against fatal railway and cycling accidents. I would direct the very special attention of readers to the announcement in black type which is to be found on the coupon in the last column.

By the way, you should get a copy of this week's *SHORT STORIES*. The cover contains a pretty picture of the honeysuckle and the bee (human variety), and there is also a charming story, by a favourite writer, with the same title. While I am on the subject of *SHORT STORIES*, I would like to say that the legal hitch which occurred in connection with the coming series of remarkable true stories (on the "Confessions of a Lady's Companion") is now removed, and that the first story appears in the number ready on Tuesday, June 10th.

"AFTER reading Miss Madge Morris' 'Love Problems,'" writes WOOD GREEN, "I have come to the conclusion that the 'young lady' is an elderly person, who has had countless intrigues in her time, as no young woman could dissect feelings in the way she does."

WOOD GREEN is quite wrong. Miss Morris' discernment in matters of the heart does not in the least detract from her charm and youthfulness as a woman. My correspondent must not suppose that observation and thought on matters of the heart tend to make a woman a "terror." That sensitive organ, after all, is to be studied theoretically just as any other subject, and there is no reason why Miss Morris or any other young lady should not think on the subject, just as many girls devote their time to "blue stocking" studies of languages, literature, or mathematics. The truth of the matter is that Miss Morris, at first the most unsophisticated and modest of damsels, has, since her engagement on this staff, been so inundated with inquiries from correspondents, that she has had, to a large extent, to sink her own personal sympathies and sit in judgment on love as a thing to be analysed. How she has acquitted herself readers are now aware. But they must not suppose that because a woman can think on love in the abstract she is necessarily devoid of natural womanly feeling.

I AM sure that my boy and girl readers who are now trying for pencil-cases by copying the title of *Pearson's Weekly* will be interested to hear that already some hundreds of prizes have been dispatched, and that I am willing to distribute thousands more under the same conditions. These conditions, by the way, you will find in another part of this issue. Every winner of a pencil-case, or a pen-knife, or a book, has been delighted, and yet, without any further effort, each of these winners will stand a chance of winning one of the beautiful bicycles offered. Moreover, two teachers are going to get £5 each, and two mothers are to get the same amount each. So, if you have not already entered for this competition, just call the attention of your parents and your teacher to the announcement.

E. L. informs me that a certain almanac prophet prophesied accurately the Paris Fire of 1897, and the Buller controversy, among other things, and invites my respect for the gifts of the seer in question.

If my correspondent just thinks a little, he will see that the prophet business is not at all a difficult one to learn. There are certain news items—fires, scandals, wars, disasters—which will go on recurring until the end of time. Scarcely a week passes without a record of one or another of these occurrences. It is, therefore, not wildly difficult to forecast that two years hence something of the kind will also be in progress. If the prophet in question were to tell us that these things would not happen, we might begin to open our eyes a little, but as he contents himself with telling us that they will, we have not much to thank him for, as we are already aware of the fact. Seeing, further, that the gentleman makes some hundreds of prophecies of this kind in every almanac, there is nothing so very surprising in the fact that one can point to a few instances of their coming true. You have, I have no doubt, heard of the "long arm of coincidence," the scope of which, I believe, does not exclude prophets.

Those interested in the doings of Mr. P. Doublyou will no doubt like to hear that I have decided to send him over to Paris for a week, and at the present moment he is seated in a corner of the office surrounded by French dictionaries and books of French idioms. While over there he will undergo many experiences of an exciting nature, and, I think, will rather surprise some of the inhabitants of the Gay Capital. He will leave Victoria on Saturday morning next, June 7th, by the eleven o'clock boat train, he will wear a white waistcoat and a red rose in his buttonhole.

A propos of difficult words to write, I certainly agree with E. G. F. that "Egypt" is very hard to beat for pure perversity in getting itself written. The succession of three letters containing such long downward strokes as "g," "y," and "p" is not often found, and it calls for an amount of energy that produces in the writer a temperature suggestive of Egypt in a more than orthographical sense.

"A CRUX and myself," writes W. G. H., "have argued on the climate of Ireland. I say it rains in Ireland on an average two days out of three, but he says it has a less rainfall than England."—If it rains two days out of the three, certainly it has a less rainfall than England—at any rate, judged by the last month when it rained three days out of three. Certainly, if any country has a higher rainfall than this, Irishmen alone can claim the distinction as theirs.

"Is it correct," asks NEMO, "to say 'none are'? I thought the correct expression to be 'none is.'"

It is about as correct as many other accepted phrases. Strictly speaking, "none" means "not one," but it has been extended in literature—the chief test as to the modern correctness of old phrases—to mean "not any," and, consequently, is plural as well as singular. "None" is one of those expressions which, when used correctly, sound like bad grammar. For instance, ask anyone "if there are any potatoes," and he replies "there is none," it sounds as if the remark were ungrammatical. It is, nevertheless, correct. "There is none" means "there is not one." Apart from that, however, "none" has a plural significance as well as a singular, and one would be quite justified in saying of potatoes "there are none." As our "Cantankerous Crank" recently pointed out, a thing may not be bad grammar, but worse.

"ARE second thoughts really best?" asks G. H. L. "I nearly always find that my first impression of a person is in the long run correct. Is this your experience?"

I believe that the best thoughts are those which are neither first nor second, but somewhere half-way between, shall we say, first thoughts and a half! One's first view of a person or a subject is more often correct than not. If you meet someone whose appearance at once conveys to you that he is honest and genuine, believe it, though your subsequent investigation may indicate the reverse. When we start thinking about most things, we are generally nine-tenths wrong, particularly in estimating human character. In the same way, those sudden flashes of thought, or "inspiration" as they are termed, though subsequent reasoning may disclose flaws, are more often reliable than our solemnly thought out judgments.

P. D. F. has a friend of a cynical turn of mind, who, in speaking of a man, remarked: "His name is Jones—and he looks it." This suggested to him the problem: "Do people look like their names?" upon which he invites my opinion. Certainly one's name has an effect on one's demeanour. Thus a man named Jones might be the most charming fellow in the world, but one can scarcely imagine him indulging in any extraordinary pose so long as he remained plain Jones. I take it P. D. F.'s friend meant to suggest that the Jones in question was an ordinary-looking individual. Had he been Vavasour, or De Crespigny, he would have viewed it as a matter of mere duty to try and live up to his name; consequently he would develop into a being entirely different from the mere Jones of daily life. In the same way, a man christened John or James will, in all probability, grow up to look on the practical side of things, while an Algernon or Reginald can hardly escape the contagion associated with those names. Yes, I think most of us do rather live up—or down—to our names. Every name conveys a certain suggestion of character with it, and if you scrutinise your friends closely you will find that consciously or unconsciously they ape their names.

In this copy of *Pearson's Weekly* you will find a little inset, which please don't lose or destroy. See what you can do towards collecting something for the little children whom the FRESH AIR FUND benefits. If, however, you yourself are not able to help out of your own pocket, surely you can find some time to mention the matter to a few of your friends and get them to subscribe. If you only get together a few coppers, it will mean that the leaflet has not been wasted, and that some little child is going to benefit by your kindness. If the amount which you collect is a pound or over, you will receive a gold-plated pencil-case.

THERE is no time like the present, and the present is the time to put up your subscriptions to the FRESH AIR FUND in an envelope ready for post, so that it

arrives on Monday, June 16th, which, as you already know, is the FRESH AIR FUND "Coronation Monday." In connection with this special day, W. A. writes: "May I suggest that every time a person grumbles at anything—his meals, the weather, bad times, or anything else—he should put by not less than sixpence for the FRESH AIR FUND, and should then send it along in time to reach you on Monday, June 16."—This is an excellent idea, and I hope that there will be a lot of grumbling amongst readers during the next week or so.

E. I. writes: "I made a resolution and sealed the compact by promising that, should I break it, I would forfeit half-a-crown for the FRESH AIR FUND. Well, I have broken it, and now I pay up honourably, and again renew my bargain. I am sure a number of readers of *P.W.* would find it an excellent help to give up a habit, by fining themselves in this manner should they not succeed in keeping their good resolutions."—Now, then, resolution breakers, make as many resolutions as you can think of at once, if only for the purpose of breaking them and sending your fines to the FRESH AIR FUND.

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"My Case Seemed Hopeless."

CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Mr. Robert Burton Betts, who resides at No. 40 Grattan Terrace, High Street, Cricklewood, stated to a *Weekly Dispatch* reporter: "At one time I was so weak that I frequently fainted away. I had from birth been a martyr to that most terrible and wasting disease, consumption of the bowels, and but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I think I would have carried me off. From my childhood I had never been able to stand upright. My head was sunken, as it were, between my shoulders, and the pains in my back were most excruciating. I had practically been an invalid from childhood, and, so far as I could make out, every doctor considered my case incurable. They told me I must eat, and gave me various diets, but even the sight of food was repugnant to me, and I have gone days without having a morsel of food between my lips."

"It was when my case seemed hopeless and I was frequently fainting that I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and purchased a box. I noticed that by the time I got to the end of the first box not only had the terrible giddy feeling which I had had for years disappeared, but I had acquired quite a little appetite. I went on using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, carefully obeying instructions, and after my second box the disease from which I suffered was much less troublesome. The pains abated, I began to get more colour in my face, and a few weeks later my white lips showed signs of having red blood in them. By the time I had reached the end of the third box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I could eat a hearty meal, which I had never done for years before. I could stand upright, my shoulders were no longer bent, and I found I was almost cured. I still went on with the pills, and I improved so much that I was able to take a situation. Would you think, to look at me now, that I was a walking skeleton up to last May? Thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I feel a different being to-day. I eat and sleep well, and have not the slightest trace of my former complaint."

A Languishing Girl's Sad Life.

CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

A representative of *The South London Press* recently had a chat with Miss Mabel Paine, at the Norfolk Arms, in Sandison Street, Peckham, London, S.E.

In her short life—she is only 17—Miss Paine has seen much trouble and sorrow. She is an orphan, and, until six months ago, scarcely knew the meaning of good health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the source of her present well-being. Miss Paine said: "Since I was nine years of age I have suffered from anaemia, and as I grew older so the state of my health got worse. I always had a drowsy, tired kind of feeling. I suffered from shortness of breath, and often I had to stop and collect myself, as it were. Then my appetite failed, and I suffered from biliousness and fearful headaches. I could not keep my food down. Every trace of colour went from my face. I attended at the Holborn Dispensary for a long time, and for about two years tried various remedies. I also had other medical advice, and attended St. Thomas's Hospital, with only temporary relief. If I felt a little better one day, I would fall back. About six months ago a book issued by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company was left at the house, and I wrote to them and described the symptoms of my illness. I was advised, in reply, to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a box, and before I had taken half the pills I certainly felt much better."

"Yes," remarked the young lady's aunt, "I thought how differently you look."

"So I kept on with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," continued Miss Paine, smiling with satisfaction, "and as I took them I grew stronger every day, and able to get about with much more comfort and ease. I have had ten boxes of the pills altogether, but I now feel quite well. The drowsiness has worn off completely, and I feel altogether more lively and in better spirits. I do not suffer from shortness of breath, or biliousness or headaches; my appetite is good, too, and I can eat my food and enjoy it."

Nerve Shaken and Exhausted.

CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

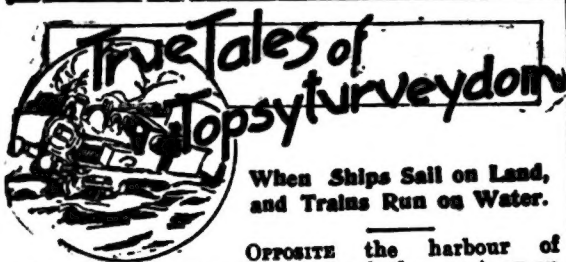
"Some eighteen months ago I had a very severe attack of typhoid fever, brought on by bad smells, for Canning Town is not the most sanitary spot in England," said Mr. Henry William Hall, of 48 Barking Road, Canning Town, in giving the details of his remarkable cure to a *Weekly Dispatch* reporter. Mr. Hall is an outside salesman at Albert Rose's large store. "I was so ill that the doctor gave me up," he continued. "My mother told me afterwards that he said he did not think I should live the night through. I was for weeks confined to my bed, and after I was able to get up I was in the doctor's hands for a long time. For months I seemed to have no strength whatever, and the fever left me subject to nervous attacks which defied all medical skill."

"I swallowed pints upon pints of all kinds of cod liver oil, and I bought dozens of bottles of quinine preparations and others containing iron, but they only spoiled my teeth. A chemist then suggested that I should try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. To be perfectly truthful, when I first put my money down for a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I thought I was wasting it. I was suffering from extreme nervousness, and I have known the time that a sudden slip, or the falling down, say, of a horse, would send me into a violent perspiration and give me a fit of shaking from head to foot that thoroughly unnerved me and lasted for hours. I began to mend before I had taken the pills a week, however, and by the time I got to the end of my first box I felt decidedly better. There was no man in England ever put his money down for the second box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People with more pleasure than I did, and when I had finished that second box I felt better than I had felt for years."

"I went on with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and a couple more boxes completely restored me to my former good health. I can stand the strain of this trying business as well as anybody, and remember that my work is very tedious and trying, even for a man with a robust constitution."

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

have cured countless cases of Consumption, "Decline," General Debility, Neuralgia, Eczema, Skin Disorders, Anaemia, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Kidney Diseases, After-Effects of Influenza, Cholera, St. Vitus's Dance, Loss of Vital Forces, Paralysis, Spinal Diseases, Locomotor Ataxy, Palpitation and Disorders of Women. If you have any difficulty in obtaining them, or if you are pestered to buy substitutes, you can have a box of the genuine pills direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Holborn Viaduct, London, post free for 2s. 6d., or six boxes for 12s. 6d.



When Ships Sail on Land,
and Trains Run on Water.

OPPOSITE the harbour of Arica, Peru, but several miles inland, there rests on an even keel in the midst of the tropical forest a large, full-rigged ship.

Visitors to the place are naturally surprised at its position, and almost invariably inquire how it got there. The answer they receive, however, does not help to allay their curiosity, but rather excites it to a higher pitch; for the native guides have one set formula applicable to such cases, and this they rattle off merrily, the while a good-natured grin illumines their normally stolid, mahogany-coloured countenances: "Señor, she sail here all by herself one day many years ago."

Impossible as this explanation sounds, it is literally true. The name of the vessel in question is the *Waterloo*, and on August 18th, 1868, she was lying quietly at anchor in the bay opposite the town in question, when a huge tidal wave, due to some stupendous submarine seismic upheaval far out in the Pacific Ocean, lifted her in its embrace, and swept her clean across the town and its environs, finally depositing her high and dry, and practically uninjured, on the spot where she now is.

CARRYING A CRUISER INLAND.

Of course, this terrific wave wiped, at the same time, Arica off the face of the earth, and a similar fate also befel Arequipa, Iquique, Tacna, Chenchá, and many other coast towns in Peru and Ecuador; but in no single instance was any other among the hundreds of ships caught preserved in so remarkable a manner.

Nevertheless, the occurrence is not quite unique of its kind. At Santa Cruz, in 1857, a tremendous tidal wave lifted the American cruiser *Monongahela* upon its crest, carried her clean over the site of the town of Friedrichstadt and back again, and this without injuring the ship to any great extent. The receding wave, however, did not quite complete its work satisfactorily. It landed the corvette on the beach instead of in the bay, and it cost the U.S. Government £20,000 to refloat her.

A ship sailing over what is ordinarily dry land is certainly a remarkable spectacle, but not more so than that afforded by a railway train running upon water. This latter could have been seen any day during the winter months at Lake Baikal, in Siberia, while the Trans-Siberian Railway was in process of construction thereabouts. The immense inland fresh-water sea is frozen over from November to May, and as soon as the ice was strong enough a regular track used to be laid down, and the trains ran backwards and forwards across the forty miles which separate the eastern and western shores.

RAILWAY RUNNING ON ICE.

The effect, when gazing downwards out of the carriage windows, was said to have been most uncanny. So clear was the ice-sheet covering the well-nigh fathomless depths below, and so pure the water, that thousands on thousands of salmon and other large fish could be plainly seen swimming about, and the startled traveller was almost able to persuade himself that he was being borne by some goblin train over a phantom ocean. Since, however, a regular service has been established, passengers are spared this experience. Instead of laying a temporary track upon the frozen surface, huge ice-breaking ferries have been built, each one of which is capable of transporting a complete train across the lake.

Among most savage and semi-savage races, and notably among the Esquimaux of Greenland, and the Todas of the Neilgherry Hills, in India, the father, and not the mother, goes to bed when a baby is born. The husband not only keeps his bed, but he is supplied with possets and caudles, and receives the condolences and tender inquiries of friends and relations; while all the time the mother of the baby goes about her household duties in the ordinary way.

FISH THAT FALL UPWARDS.

Whole libraries of books have been written by learned and scientific people to try and explain the why and wherefore of this curious simulation of maternity, but its origin is still shrouded in mystery. All we know for certain is that traces of it are to be found amongst practically all aboriginal peoples, and that it is practised in its entirety among tribes removed so far from one another as the poles are asunder.

Miles down in the abyssal depths of ocean, amid icy cold and eternal darkness, dwell the deep-sea fishes, those strange forms of life whose very existence even was practically unsuspected prior to the *Challenger's* famous voyage. These fishes are exposed to a risk which no other living organism knows anything of: that, to wit, of falling upwards.

Usually the accident overtakes the creature owing to its voracity; for all these deep-sea fish are carnivorous, the stronger preying ever on the weaker, even

when these latter are their own offspring. In its struggles to escape, the fish seized, being often nearly as large and strong as the attacking fish, carries the latter out of its depth to a higher stratum.

The muscles of neither are strong enough to drive them down again to their proper home at the bottom, for both are more or less exhausted by their exertions; and the result is that both the attacker and the attacked are, owing to the distention of the gases within their bodies, borne swiftly and more swiftly upwards to the surface, which they reach in a dead or dying condition. Specimens in this state, ruptured, and distorted with agony, are not infrequently picked up; and as, of course, it is but comparatively few that can by accident fall into the hands of scientists, occurrences of the kind indicated must happen very often.

Some very terrible accidents may be expected to befall aerial navigators should air-ships ever become sufficiently perfected to make this species of travel at all common, owing to the fact, well known to all aeronauts, that there exist in the earth's atmosphere, at certain places and under certain conditions, veritable holes or pits of vast depth. An air-ship sailing unwittingly into one of these aerial craters, would sink with far more certainty and far greater swiftness than would a leaden ship of the same size and shape in an ocean of water.

THERE ARE HOLES IN THE AIR.

Accidents of this nature have actually happened to aeronauts in the past, but, of course, the ordinary balloon is not nearly so much affected by the sudden descent as an air-ship would be. Nevertheless, an experience of the kind is sufficiently disconcerting, even to the stoutest hearts and strongest nerves.

M. Tissandier, ballooning with two friends above the town of Vincennes a few years back, happened on one of these invisible air-holes, which proved to be over a mile in depth, the balloon falling that distance with such incredible rapidity that the earth appeared to be rushing up to meet them with the speed of an express train, and the bags of ballast thrown out by the alarmed travellers fell, not downwards as might have been expected, but upwards. Luckily a denser stratum of air, answering to the bottom of the pit in question, was encountered when they were a few hundred feet from the ground, and the downward rush of the balloon was checked as if by contact with a pneumatic cushion.

GOOD RESULTS FROM TOPSYTURVEYDOM.

Sometimes topsyturveydom—topsyturveydom, that is, from our point of view—is stumbled upon by ignorant experimenters, with results the reverse of unbeneficial to themselves. Only the other day, for instance, a Burmese contractor, never having seen a European-built locomotive or railway carriage, constructed some, the wheels of which were fitted with outside flanges. The British resident engineer was aghast, but, nevertheless, like a wise man, he decided to try them; and to his unbounded surprise he found that the new style of wheel would round, without derailment or locking, curves of a sharpness that would infallibly have caused wheels with inside flanges to jam or jump the track.

Again, the Boers, during the earlier stages of the present war, when they mostly fought on the defensive, scattered the earth, which they dug out of the trenches they constructed, behind them. This is, of course, exactly the reverse of the custom prevailing, not only among ourselves, but in every European army. Also, in theory, it is indefensible. But in practice it proved a striking advance on the ancient system. For one thing their intrenchments were quite invisible, even at a little distance, to the attacking force; there being, of course, no long ramparts of freshly excavated mould to betray their whereabouts.

"We are terribly cramped for space in our flat."
"That so?"

"Yes; we even have to use the family skeleton as the hat-rack."

PATIENCE: "I saw that handsome Mr. Styles we met at the ball, in his motor-car, to-day."

Patrice: "Did he speak to you?"

"Yes; he shouted to me to look out as I was crossing the street."

HELEN HYLES: "Don't you think it very bad form for a man who is calling on a young lady to sit down before she does?"

Jack Lever: "Certainly; but under some circumstances he has to."

"SMYTH, the amateur poet, has discharged his housemaid because he was jealous of her."

"Jealous of her! Why?"

"Well, you see, she appears in print every morning, and he doesn't."

CHAFFIN: "I knelt before her, and asked her to be my wife."

Chollie: "And she wejected you?"

Chappie: "Yass."

Chollie: "That was wough."

Chappie: "Yass. I got my trousers bagged at the knees for nothing, bah Jove."

THE VALUE OF A SINGLE DAY.

By John Strange Winter.

I HAVE often been very much struck, when speaking of various funds for sending town children for country jaunts, with one remark. It is a remark which certainly nine people out of ten make when first they hear of any project for sending children for a single day's outing into the country. They say, "Oh, but what is the good of sending a child into the country for a single day? Now if it was to send it for a week that would be another thing!"

They do not always "fork out" enough to send a child for a week—but then that is human nature all over. They can very well afford to send a child for a day, while they perhaps could not afford to send a child for a week (which costs five shillings, exclusive of railway fares) and perhaps they do not believe that it is possible to send a child for a whole day into the country on the mite which they can conveniently spare from their pockets.

We people who do know what can be done with a child and a trifle of money, and what a single day in the country may mean to a child, should make it our business to let those people who have a trifle of money to spare, but who hesitate to give it for this purpose, share in our knowledge, and in this short article I am going to try to make some of the readers of *Pearson's Weekly* realise—if there are any who have not already realised it—what a day in the country is to a child, that it is indeed a joy which perhaps no grown-up person can adequately understand.

In the first place there is the delicious importance of feeling that somebody—some unknown, mysterious, great and wonderful person—is going to take it away on a journey, away from all the dingy and sordid surroundings of home. That in itself is to any ordinary child's mind a joy, and the projected holiday forthwith becomes a day of days, of bright and glorious anticipation.

It goes to bed much too soon the night before, excited to sleep early and it wakes betimes in the morning—for there is no fear of oversleeping when there is the unusual excitement of a journey in prospect.

Likely enough this child has never seen the interior of a railway station before; it does not regard that railway station as you and I do—as a means to an end, as a dingy, noisy, smelly, and rather dirty place of considerable danger—oh dear, no!

In this small child's mind that railway station is tinged with brightest gold, never was there a conveyance of such luxury as the third-class carriage in which the youngster travels, never was there such a wonderful journey as that first experience of a railway line; everything is of interest to it—the other children, the songs they sing on the road, the stoppings, the whistlings, the shriekings, the marguerites and butter-cups or gorse growing along the line, the flower gardens that each little station boasts of—everything is new and delightful.

Then there is the halt at the station from which the children must walk to their destination, and then they feel that the day has begun at last.

It is a long day which follows—a very long day. You and I would be tired out and exhausted, glad to rest ourselves quietly when it is all over in a corner of the railway carriage, and speak not a word until we get home again and into our beds. But children are wonderful creatures; they do not feel like that. They laugh and sing, and about in the exuberance of their spirits from the first moment to the last.

It is all joy—the sun, the birds, the flowers, the grass, the freedom from scoldings, the racing to and fro, the meals, the milk, the games, the journey home—it is one round of huge and satisfying delight. It is something to think about and talk about for the rest of the year, until a similar treat comes their way again. Believe me, a child who is taken for but a single day into the country out of a town slum will live that day over again times without number; the day passes quickly, but its beneficent glory will never utterly fade out of that childish memory.

No, the value of such a day is not to be measured.

Surely there is not one person who reads this paper, with its tremendous circulation, who will not spare the money for one child to be so taken! What difference will ninepence make—the nimble ninepence that we hear so much about—to your holiday? Even if you have to give up something for it, even if you have to sacrifice some small pleasure and privilege of your own for it, you cannot make a very great sacrifice by saving ninepence!

It can be but the veriest trifle. But rest assured that a day in the country once a year to a child of the slums is no trifle—it is the bright spot which will lighten all the rest of the year.

If any reader feels sufficiently generous to subscribe a mite to the *FRESH AIR FUND*, we would say that 9d. pays all the expenses of one day's outing in the country, and 28 2s. pays for a party of 200 children, including adults to look after them.

Collecting forms will be sent, post free, on application to the Hon. Sec., *FRESH AIR FUND*, "*Pearson's Weekly*" Office, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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To British Boys and their Parents.

A NEW JOURNAL FOR BOYS.

There has long been a want for a boys' paper edited with care and intelligence, which shall have for its object the provision of amusing, entertaining reading for lads, while at the same time fostering their better instincts. "The Boy is Father to the Man" is a true adage, and the youth who is encouraged to cultivate his mental talents and develop his physical well-being will have established for himself the surest foundation on which to become an upright and prosperous citizen. This, in brief, is the aim of the Editor of "THE BOYS' REALM," the new Penny Weekly Journal for Boys. Its stories will be bright and moral in tone; its articles will be useful and instructive, and its advice invaluable sound and helpful.

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There never were parents who would not rejoice in the success of a son; who would not feel a thrill of pride surge through them when they heard of some victory he had achieved at school; and who would not feel a sense of joy on the thought that their boy was growing surely and steadily into a worthy and successful citizen. There never were parents who would not do all they could to help their boy to fit himself for the great race for fame and wealth. How to do this is not always clear to these same parents.

Good literature is one of the surest, safest means of conveying sound teaching to boys, and good literature of a bright instructive character is what the Editor of "THE BOYS' REALM" provides in his new boys' paper. If you want to familiarise your boy with healthy ideals, to make a manly man of him, let him read "The Boys' Realm," and you won't regret it. The Editor of "THE BOYS' REALM" has been praised by ministers and schoolmasters for his work among boys, and his success is due to the fact that he delights to help them in the troublesome, doubtful days of youth.

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